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From the Editor

Nothing really succeeds like the past

If you've been bemused by the state of Canadian journalism lately, you might want to head to the local library in search of Robertson Davies' 1954 minor classic, *Letters of Malice*. Davies, who served for years as editor of the *Proceedings* *Espresso*, took a clear-eyed but light-hearted look at the role a newspaper plays within a community, and what's surprising—though perhaps it shouldn't be—is how many of its lessons and analogies still ring true. The fictional *Saltwire Evening Bulletin* runs a scurrilously innocuous item, its contents are interpreted in vastly different ways by many people, a large proportion of whom start with the presumption that the paper meant them ill. That's a common thread; also, as Davies writes, "the literacy and comprehension of a newspaper's modern readership is the widest scope" so that expectations are always quite different. Another familiar trait is the large number of readers who "assumed that the *Bulletin* was not nearly so good as it had been when they were younger; they found that this attitude applied to much else in life as well."

Well, yes. Take Conrad Black, and his side of half-ownership of the *National Post* to the *Asper* family far worse. It's hard to recall now, but in 1999, when Conrad Black's Hollinger Inc. took majority control of Southern newspapers, many people were astounded or scandalized or aghast by sudden nostalgia for the previous ownership. In fact, Black, as CEO, lavished more money on the biggest newspapers, and unapologetically appointed people with similarly conservative ideological views to senior editorial positions. His open wallet was good for journalism by any measure what you thought of the reputation of his ideas depends almost entirely on whether you agreed with him.

Black upset a lot of people during his newspaper adventures here—most notably, of course, Jean Chrétien Liberals, a frequent target of the *Post*—but most of that seems forgotten now

that he's leaving. Instead, it's the *Asper*'s turn to be vilified—based on the family's close ties with those same Liberals. The question of whether—or how much—they'll intervene in political coverage is legitimate, but implicit in that concern is a nostalgia for a nonexistent past. Independent local owners were, if anything, more overtly political than large conglomerates; historically, most newspapers have had a very distinct bias. In the 1950s, Montreal's *The Gazette* was an unabashed supporter of premier Maurice Duplessis' Union Nationale. So much so, in fact, that one senior editor used to boast of how he would leave his job to descend to a warring government line-up that would ferry him to his other work—in a press adviser to Duplessis.

No critic has ever found an ideal form of media ownership. Independent owners are too easily bullied; big companies are too bullying; ownership by the people—meaning public broadcasters, like the CBC—bestows on every person the right to get read at the product. But in the end, meticulous as it seems to cynics, some really good journalism gets done, and everyone takes a fonder view of the principle—in retrospect. Black, already a hero to conservatives, also looks better to critics—now that he's leaving. The *Asper* will also someday get their praise—but only if and when they return to the sidelines. In the meantime, welcome, Irvy Dine and Leonard—and remember, as Robertson Davies said, that nothing succeeds like the past.

Andy Vachon

respons@business.ca or comment on From the Editor

NEWSROOM NOTES

Policies and power

What policies are taking shape behind the scenes in Ottawa and what Canada's capital actually looks like are two aspects of federal politics that are rarely linked. But they come together in this week's cover package—and the connection is more than incidental. Ottawa Bureau Chief John Gidder reports on the coming to obscure a federal sense of mission by finding new ways to engage with Canadians on the issues that matter

most to them. And Senior Writer Julia Belzine examines plans to dramatically spruce up the capital and the policy renewal that some politicians and bureaucrats are hoping will live up to Jean Chrétien's third mandate.

Gidder found federal regulators bumping up against provinces reluctant to let the feds take charge. "There are also floating around Ottawa, from forging alliances with big cities to pouring money into research

and training," Gidder says. "But at every turn, the reality seems to be that Ottawa needs to cut deals with the provinces—or fight them." Belzine, meanwhile, a veteran of both the Washington and Ottawa press corps, finds a stark contrast between those two cities. "Washington has no shame in showing off," he says. "But the Canadian government has always been afraid of spending too much on its capital, maybe because of regional politics." Those pesky provinces again.



Gidder in Ottawa



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Endless time, patience and
passion, yet probably gone
by the evening end.



'Sand Dolphins' created by
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'Turning Leaf Chardonnay', created by the family of
Ernest and Julia Gallo from grapes picked only from the
coastal vineyards of California to give round, apple-citrus
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and endless games of Monopoly—and nobody telling us what to do? We may have run a little wild, missed a few meals, skinned a few knees, but we didn't even know the meaning of the phrase "I'm bored." The guys brought back a lot of good memories.

Robert Down, Bridgewater, N.S.

I read "Distorted from paradise" after my first day back at my office following a week's vacation. A week during which I travelled throughout Northern Ontario and was amazed at the beauty of the region. While reading, Ann Dowsett Johnston's recollections of her summer spent in the Muskoka and Algonquin regions, I almost felt as if I was back on the dock of the cottage on Lake Temagami that I had come from only the day before, but already greatly missed. I could almost picture the early-morning mist on the water and hear the loons call out as I and Dowsett Johnston's words. How I longed to go back. Her essay made me think, "Is there any better way to spend summer vacation than enjoying the beautiful scenery found in Northern Ontario?" I really don't think so. It's part of what makes me appreciate Canada and how lucky I am to live here. "Paradise" is definitely it.

Laura Hill, Ottawa

'World's fattest people'

It's not as all comforting to hear that McDonald's and Tim Hortons fast-food restaurants "will always be there" for Canadians, since "they're part of our psyche" ("Fast-food while in one," *Business*, Aug. 20). They're also a part of our bodies, and our headaches. You'd think we Canadians, already among the fatter people in the world, might eventually learn to like the healthy and easy "fruit-and-vitamin" concoctions from California and the Pacific Northwest that your story mentions. But no. Instead, we prefer corporations such as McDonald's, who "want to make it easy for people to come in and order a Big Mac with a lean for lunch," and "be in the day come back for a puny and a cupciccino." As long as high-fat, high-cholesterol diets are "part of

our psyche," they'll also be part of the problem, as obesity, heart disease, cancer, diabetes, hypertension and other disordered diseases multiply.

Nathan Weiss, Canadians for a Healthy Future, Halifax, N.S.

Yes, downtown Vancouver does have a Tim Hortons. Being from the Maritimes and growing up on Tim Hortons every Saturday, I was confused when the first one opened last year.

Jennifer Jones, Vancouver

The 'five whys' of bugs

"Bug wars" described the what of the ecological impact of infestations on our crops and forests (Canada, Aug. 20). It was disappointing that it did not also cover the five whys. Why are our forests and crops being devastated? Because of an explosion in the population of bugs. Why is that happening? Because of the unusually hot, dry summer. Why is that happening? Because of global climate change. Why is that happening? Because of man-



Muskoka pine beetle

made greenhouse gases. Why are we polluting our own habitat? Because the mainstream media is not helping us connect our consumer and corporate activities with their ultimate impact on the sustainability of our planet. We need more whys accompanying the what, please.

Rob Wilson, Ajax, Ont.

What does it take?

Staring in the eye by a jellyfish swept back 10 km from victory by a changing tide, forced to swim 61 km (nearly twice the original distance) to take advantage of varying currents, 25-year-old Wianke Raach-Leutner, mother of three, finally landed east of Dover 13 hours and 25 minutes after her swim, to become the first Canadian to swim the English Channel, on Aug. 16, 1991 ("Conquering the waves," *Huron*, Aug. 20). How is it possible that this courageous lady is not in Canada's Sports Hall of Fame? Come on somebody, get on with it!

Bob Thompson, Victoria

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Overture

Edited by Shanda Deziel with Amy Cameron



"I'll never get to sleep with you wanting a drink every two weeks!"

Out of hibernation

If there's one thing Jim Simpson has perfected, it's the bear hug. Earlier this summer, the 90-year-old creator of the *Jasper Bear* cartoon travelled from his last home in Dundas, Ont., to be the guest of honour at the Year of the Great Bear celebrations at Algonquin's Jasper National Park. "When I got off the train, there was a crowd of people there with cameras," explains Simpson. "A woman came up to give me a handkerchief and I said, 'No, this is mine to be a bear hug.'"

Simkins first drew Jasper the Bear for *Maclean's* in 1948. The cartoon appeared regularly in the magazine until the 1970s when it was syndicated across Canada as a weekend comic strip. In 1962, Jasper National Park adopted Simkins' bear.



Celebrating Jasper in the Year of the Bear

its official mascot—erecting a statue beside the train station. To this day, souvenirs of the lovable bear—stuffed animals, postcards and T-shirts—sell briskly.

Meanwhile, Simpson is overwhelmed by his creator's continuing popularity. "When I was in the park, there was even a guy dressed up in a Jasper costume. All this conversation for one little bear."

James Mathison

Over and Under Achievers

Rolling Rs, Royal lions and a PM trying to roar



◆ **Brian Tobin:** Debates vastly improved French. But, let's not forget, Martin and Rock know how to roll the Ra in arena situations.

♥ **Jean Chénier:** Hint: U.S. risks losing oil and gas unless it caves up on lumber, then backs off. Some tough talk for when you mean it, PM—like when Bruin, Al and Paul get too uppity.

David Calametta: Transport minister talks up transit over new roads. Now, let's see if he can put some federal money behind that good sense.

New Royal Bank Boats: The bland, hybrid feline is now guarding the vault. Maybe time to check out ING Direct, where an old-time King of Beasts still rules the loanhead.



 **Old Royal Bank Note:**
 In retrospect, it's retro and respectable, even hip in a kind of Boon-beaver-like way.



➔ **Mark Turner, 11, and Gabele Helms, 8** Thunder Ridge, B.C., boys discover rare dinosaur tracks. No fossil: they had mud up and knew 'em when one 'em.

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- Mexican usually average per store 7,700 units
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- Most popular size: 795 ml
- Most popular flavors: Coke and Pepsi
- Most popular official flavor: watermelon

All for the good of the great apes

After a month in Cameroon, University of Toronto bioethics professor **Kerry Bowman** confesses that he's glad to be sleeping in his own bed. It was his eighth trek to Africa in five years, part of his ongoing search for a sustainable response to a crisis that is pushing great apes to the brink of extinction. With commercial logging inadvertently carving new roads for poachers, the illegal trade in so-called bush-meat continues to escalate. As a result, there is a growing population of ape orphans. "Robins have very little meat on them," Bowman says, "so they end up abandoned or sold as pets."

Working with the Cameroon Wildlife Aid Fund on his most recent trip, Bowman visited the Mboong Beti orphanage, home to 38 chimpanzees and seven gorillas. One five-week-old lowland gorilla called Niam had just arrived, underweight, suffering from a respiratory infection and in need of constant care. "He could sit on the palm of your hand," says Bowman, 46, who helped bottle-feed the gorilla. "Now, he's the size of an eight-pound human baby." Healthy animals are later released into an enclosed wildlife park.

Back in Toronto, Bowman is already

plotting his next trip to the Congo Basin, where he hopes to discover what remains of the bonobos—a sister species to the chimpanzee and the most human of the great apes. "Bonobo babies have been showing up at markets in Kinshasa," he says. "That's a worrisome indication that adults are being culls." Regardless of whether the culprits are soldiers or desperate locals, Bowman acknowledges that emergency conservation measures must include addressing the plight of the most dominant species: humans. "If the great apes of Africa are going to make it," he says, "Africa has to make it."

David Wright



Bowman studies Niam in Cameroon

Going for the gold, then for the moon

He says it was just a joke. In full view of the Canada Games crowd last week in London, Ont., **Daniel Blosin**—the 23-year-old bronze medalist in the 3,000-m. mixed-mat—launched his shorts and briefly exposed his rear. "I'm just a laugh." While some pals did find it hysterically funny, the stunt elicited a swift reproach from team officials. Blosin was abruptly sent home to Le Gardeur, Que.—this time stripped only of his his medal.

But maybe his cheeky behavior was a subconscious statement: Canadian athletes have been branded by critics as losers after disappointing

results at recent major competitions. Yet these athletes came up through a national sport system that was geared by early-'90s deficit-fighting cutbacks—depriving them of sufficient coaching and travel expenses for foreign competitions.

In a country that, of late, has been quick to criticize but slow to support, young athletes could easily become disillusioned. But competitors at the Canada Games produced encouraging results. Among them, Victoria's **Riley McCormick**, who just turned 10, scored one perfect 10 in platform diving, while speaker **Nathan Taylor**, 18, of Courtenay, B.C., set a Games record with a 10.38-second clocking in the men's 100-m. And they may yet reach world levels—if the country does its part.

Jason Dawes



Taylor sets sprint record

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Over to You KAREN ACTON

It's not easy being green

The annual crop of "Back to school" signs has arrived. The flashy displays, however, evoke a different emotion in me this year. Instead of seeing off the usual teacher's anxiety, thoughts of the first day of school seep in. This is the first year in a decade that I won't welcome the classroom and teach the environmental science course. It is a casualty of the new Ontario curriculum.

Little did I know, at the beginning of my career, how this subject would weave its way into my character. I actually entered the profession as a chemistry teacher, but was offered the environmental science class in my second year of teaching. I eagerly took the seasonal course to become qualified. It was much later when I found out that they had solicited the course only because no one else in the department wanted to teach this subject. It wasn't one of the three distinguished disciplines (biology, chemistry or physics) that most of us studied at university.

I quickly found out that the environmental science course was different. It attracted an unusually diverse mix of students. There were the enthusiastic kids who bounced in and happily donned a seat in the front row. Other students signed up because they thought it would be an easy course to earn credit. They would wander in and doze into the middle rows. The rest were the toughest ones to win over. Their guidance counsellors insisted they needed this credit to graduate. They would arrive late and take a spot at the back, arms crossed.

Predictably, no one liked it when I immediately changed the seating plan, but my strategy for success encountered a shuffling of the deck. Mixing different types of students and disbanding cliques allowed everyone the chance to focus on the material. I had discovered that this course had the potential to affect and motivate kids like no other, but every semester I looked at the two dozen or so indifferent faces and underwent an initial attack of nerves—would I be able to teach this class? Without fail, by semester's end, I had them.

Despite themselves, they were taken with the subject matter. The course was full of debates and outdoor field trips, the topics were hands-on and current. One day students discussed alternatives to landfills—the next day the controversial Adams Mine deal for Toronto's garbage fell through. While the class studied general groundwater contamination, they followed



the Walkerton inquiry in the papers. The subject of air pollution was introduced just as smog alerts were issued for southern Ontario. Without any prompting, students cut out articles and taped the evening news. Incidental facts turned into one full of questions.

I converted even the tough ones. If they weren't hooked already, they captivated during the trip to an outdoor education centre run by our district school board. Nothing in the classroom could generate as much as a student's face like the first time a chickadee landed on his or her palm to snatch a sunflower seed. Another thrill occurred during the pond study. Aside from the normal repetition of snailpots and water snailers, students often ended up with lizards in their sample containers. Everyone found them regally fascinating, especially those brave enough to place one in their palms. They discovered the leech didn't burrow into their skin as previously feared, but instead stretched and shortened like a stretched silly putty as it travelled up their arm.

These same students, upon their return to class, were incensed to discover that their outdoor education centre was in peril of closure. Letters regarding the virtues of their trip were written and sent off in quick succession to the board. Miraculously, trustees spent during the centre for another year. A bitter-sweet victory, because my course was not so lucky. On the second-to-last day of class in June, I learned environmental science was cut from my school. I was not prepared. Tears streamed down my face as I drove home that night.

The course had slowly become my passion. Reading a newspaper was impossible without a pair of scissors in my hand. Spirited conversations frequently erupted with friends and family who felt I had become open to indoctrination by gossipers of every camp. I have changed the way I live and have exposed my children to the wonders of the pond and chickadees. I am disheartened I can no longer teach the one course that had the power to so dramatically affect my students and myself. I find myself wondering what I will do to compensate for this loss. I guess pesticides and smog will have to find their way into my chemistry curriculum.

Karen Acton, a department head of science at Rockton, Ont., still has trouble putting the science down.

Illustration by Michelle O'Neil from The Art of Education



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Overture Passages

Born: Country music star Shania Twain announced the birth of her first child, a baby boy named Iza. The 35-year-old Timmins, Ont., native has kept out of the public eye since she announced her pregnancy in March. Twain and her producer husband, Robert John (Mutt) Lange, spent the past few months at their home in Geneva writing on the much-anticipated follow-up to *Come on Over*—Twain's 1997 multi-platinum CD.



Retiring: Jesse Helms, the 79-year-old North Carolina senator revered by the American right and despised by the left, announced he will not run for a sixth term. During his 30 years in the upper chamber, the former political commentator has been described as the captain of U.S. conservatives, as well as a narrow-minded bigot, and a famous for trying to block affirmative action, pro-choice and gay-rights initiatives. Helms was diagnosed with prostate cancer in 1998, but underwent a coronary bypass and suffers from a nerve condition that forces him to use a mechanical scooter.

Died: By never backing down in his fight against apartheid, white South African newspaperman Donald Woods made himself an enemy of the state. An editor of the *Daily Dispatch*, Woods denied the death of his friend, black anti-apartheid activist Steve Biko, who was beaten to death by police in 1977. Woods was subsequently banned from writing and was forced into exile by the South African government. He fled to England, where he continued his campaign against apartheid. The 67-year-old died of cancer in Surrey, England.

Awarded: The U.S. Distinguished Service Medal was bestowed posthumously on Second World War veteran Maj. Maude C. Davidson for her gear leadership ability. The high-ranking nurse—known to those in her command as "Ma"—endured three years as a prisoner of war

in Manila after being captured by the Japanese in 1942. Although a U.S. citizen, Davidson was born and buried in Cunningham, Ont. She died in 1996 at the age of 71, one decade after retiring from the U.S. army. Her niece Velma Wilson accepted the honour on Davidson's behalf at a ceremony in Arlington, Va.

Traded: After months of rumours, the Philadelphia Flyers have finally closed the deal that sends all-star centre Eric Lindros to the New York Rangers. The 28-year-old from London, Ont., quit the Flyers captaincy last year and has not laced up his skates for an NHL game since suffering a sixth concussion on May 26, 2000. The Rangers traded winger Jim Hillenac, 24, defenceman Kim Johnson, 25, forward Phil Brund, 20, and a third-round pick in the 2003 entry draft in exchange for the eight-year veteran. Lindros signed a four-year, \$57-million contract with his new team.

Died: Although astrophysicist Sir Fred Hoyle coined the term "big bang" to describe the theory that the universe began in an explosion of scaldingly dense matter, he believed in another explanation. During the 1940s, Hoyle proposed the steady state theory, arguing that the universe developed in a process of continuous growth. Hoyle, a Cambridge professor and one of Britain's best-known astronomers, also promoted the belief that life and diseases like AIDS reached Earth from space. Hoyle, 86, died in Basingstoke, England.

Reinstated: After paying a \$200 court martial fine for running pornographic Web sites, Commodore Eric Lerche returned to work last week as head of Canada's Pacific fleet. Lerche, 52, was suspended and publicly humiliated in June after admitting he used his navy computer while off-duty to visit "Protonet" Web sites.

Appointed: Jim Coombs has been named a member of the Order of Canada in honour of his work as an adviser to Liberal prime minister Pierre Trudeau and Lester B. Pearson. The 63-year-old Mississauga, Ont., businessman was one of 104 new appointees.



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BRITISH AIRWAYS

The fatalities continued in Ukraine in the wake of a deadly explosion on Aug. 19 at the Zashchiliv coal mine in the city of Donetsk. Late in the week, another two severely burned miners died in hospital, bringing the death toll to 39. A further 10 remained missing and two presumed dead. Ukraine's coal mines are considered the world's most dangerous, with more than 150 deaths this year and 3,640 since 1991, the year the Soviet Union fell apart and subdivisions from Moscow ended.

"It was a miracle we survived," said passenger Jose Gaspar after a Canadian Air Trans-

As the Canada-U.S. softwood lumber dispute heated up again, Prime Minister Jean Chretien said in Edmonton he had told President George Bush the U.S. was incor-

ent in championing free trade in energy but not in timber. "You want gas, you want oil and you don't want wood!" Chrétien said he told Bush. "It's not bad, but if you have free trade, you have free trade." Chrétien said he made it clear, however, that he was not suggesting Canada would hold back on energy exports. But in Washington, White

The Royal Bank unveiled a new global logo and brand

The pines came cheap. Black cut, felled its Black, Carved Black's surprise sale last week of his 50-per-cent stake in the National Post to CanWest Global Communications Corp. was cause for worry—just high-enough to be the media business, too. Last summer, Black's Hallinger International Inc. sold its string of Southern newspapers and half of the money-losing Post to Can-

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For stock, the paper was a labour of love. For the Apers, profit is the priority—a full-on, as the Post embarks on advertising war with The Globe and Mail. And what about the conservative slant Black cultivated? The Apers are Liberals. Just after becoming partners in the Post last autumn, Leonard Aper talked about the

Quebec must be proactive in ensuring the future of French in North America, a provincial commission on language said last week. The \$2-million commission, headed by veteran sovereignist Gerald Laroc, recommended creating a parallel Quebec citizenship, tightening workplace regulations, and pushing against creeping bilingualism. Although the report recommended that

West. Now, Carl West
Boarder and executive
chairman Izzy Asper
and his son, Robert.

A press canon
happier than



politics of press ownership with Blackstone's. An excerpt:

Madison's: Given your Liberal bias, don't you have misgivings about

Asper: Cassette has been well-received by having the Proel T-1 as a "marketing piece of ideas" guy. I say, get 'em out all three and let people decide.

Maclean: Granted black leaders to employ journalists who shared his outlook. What do you think of that?

Asper: I think that's not dangerous. I don't disagree with it philosophically.

Maclean: So what is your position on the proper role of our center in influencing students?

Asper: If I were to advise a class that was against what we believe, I think we would want to make sure there is some balance, that our view gets represented.

nurse that critics noted contained no reference to Canada. Henceforth, the mother ship will be called RBC Financial Group, although the legal name is still Royal Bank of Canada. The logo, featuring a red-tinted lion with the initials RBC, will be added to the names of the bank's properties, from RBC Royal Bank in this country to RBC Centura, the former Centura Bank Inc. of Rocky Mount, N.C. Royal noted that more than a third of its earnings now come from outside Canada.

I want my MTV

Soon, MuchMusic, the nation's most-watched music video station, will have major competition. On Sept. 7, Cinq Broadcast Systems Inc. will launch a Canadian version of MTV. The popular American music channel. Last week, the Calgary-based company reached a licensing agreement with Viacom, the owner of MTV, that will give it rights to five U.S. channels, including MTV. Due to broadcast regulations, though, the new music station must play at least 50-per-cent Canadian content. As well, regulations

say only 10 per cent of MTV Canada's airtime can be devoted to music videos. Currently, 55 per cent of MuchMusic's programming is devoted for music videos.

Lucky man

He told one interviewer that a doctor had called him "the luckiest unlucky man he'd ever met." Bob Meidl, 53, returned to Canada last week after being assaulted by gunmen while sailing off Mexico Bay California on Aug. 12. With his throat slashed, Meidl managed to make it to shore, from where he was rescued two days later by fishermen. At Calgary airport, Meidl had a painful reunion with his daughter, Carrie. "My dad will probably go, 'Oh, Carrie,' for saying this," she told reporters, "but it was his double chin that apparently saved him. They weren't able to get to his jugular vein."

Waiting too long

In a situation mirrored across Canada, more than a third of cancer patients in Ontario wait too long for treatment, and a report published last week in the *Canadian Medical Association Journal*. About



Attacked by pirates, Meidl was reunited with his daughter.

1,500 patients were tracked by surgeons at eight cancer-care centres. They reported that 37 per cent endured "inappropriate" delays. Surgeons surveyed in the study blamed the delays on lack of access to operating rooms and a general scarcity of resources.

West Nile in Ontario

With three cases confirmed of birds dying of West Nile fever and several others suspected from Windsor to Ottawa, health officials warned that the mosquito-borne virus appears to be spreading across southern Ontario for the first time. Although in people the disease normally causes mild

symptoms, it does pose a threat to the elderly or those with weak immune systems. It has killed at least 10 in the United States over the past three years.

NATO in Macedonia

Fleets of NATO soldiers landed in Skopje, Macedonia, to join in Operation Essential Harvest. The 3,500 troops are to collect and destroy arms from Macedonia's ethnic Albanian rebels, who agreed to the deal. Gen. Gennaro Lange of Denmark, the NATO commander in Skopje, said the purpose of the 30-day mission was to build trust in the war-torn region.

A congressman speaks out—sort of

Fighting for his political life, Gary Condit broke a long silence to talk to *Conrad Chang of ABC News' Prime Time Thursday* about the Charles Levy case. The California Democratic congressman, 53 and married for 34 years, had acknowledged having an affair with the 24-year-old Washington intern, who has been missing since April 30. But in the ABC interview, he declined to discuss details of his five-month friendship

with Levy and said he knew nothing about her disappearance. "We had a close relationship," said Condit. "But out of respect for my family and out of a specific respect from the Levy family I think it's best that I not get into the details."

Washington police have interviewed Condit four times about Levy's disappearance and have repeatedly said the congressman is not a suspect. Asked directly by Chang

whether he killed Levy, Condit answered, "I did not." Meanwhile, a letter from Condit began arriving at his congressional home. In it, he acknowledged per making mistakes, but also talks about his record and says, "I hope our relationship is strong enough to survive all this." Sources said some Democrats are afraid that Condit appears to be preparing to seek a seventh term next year.

Condit didn't go into details in his interview with Chang.



AP/Wide World

A glass a day.

Welch's purple grape juice is another way to get the goodness of grapes. In fact it's now part of the Heart & Stroke Foundation's Health Check-Program.

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Time for amends

A land-claims referendum could derail key negotiations with B.C.'s natives

BY NILSON WONG in Vancouver

With the prospect of a referendum on aboriginal land-claims issues, British Columbians are faced with a dilemma. The overwhelming electoral mandate Premier Gordon Campbell received on May 16 places him in a strong position with respect to the negotiations—a critical issue in British Columbia. It would be dangerous, however, if the B.C. Liberals ignored the Supreme Court rulings of recent years and the spirit of the treaty negotiation process under way for almost a decade now. The vote will very likely threaten an already fragile truce between aboriginal and non-aboriginal neighbours in communities throughout the province. As well, the resulting confusion would create greater uncertainty for the province's resource industries, many of which would be on aboriginal lands under negotiation.

As a son of an immigrant, I am keenly aware that our collective Canadian heritage is built on the wisdom of our ancestors. Yet we have been reluctant to accept that aboriginal heritage plays an important part in our history. During a recent visit to Alert Bay on Cormorant Island, I had the opportunity to learn some of the history of the residential school on the island, which is part of the northern coast of Vancouver Island. Incredibly, apartheid-like conditions did not end until the 1970s. While no words can describe the heart-breaking state- and church-sanctioned practices that once a people apart, as a Canadian, I recognized my moral responsibility to help First Nations become whole again. If we never over-recognize two clashing cultures, we must recognize and make amends for the serious shortcomings of our past. Treaty negotiations are a part of that urgent process.

First Nations in B.C. were not accorded the opportunity to negotiate treaties until very recent times. Indeed, the govern-



All our ancestors—including aboriginals—have contributed to our heritage, says Wong

ments of Canada were reluctant to do so and it was not until the Supreme Court ruled in 1990 on the aboriginal rights case of *Ronald Sparrow*, who had been charged with illegal net fishing, that the province of British Columbia agreed to join the federal government at the table.

The rebuilding of aboriginal cultures can be seen as an evolutionary process. Some First Nations, such as the Squamish, Burrard and Nigla, are much more advanced in governance, in the promotion of education and health care, and in the development of entrepreneurship. Many

others will continue to require substantial support and use a long way from becoming self-reliant. To that end, the federal government continues to provide resources, particularly in the area of self-government and reserve infrastructure.

Non-aboriginal British Columbians also have a major role in this process. Our universities—the University of Northern British Columbia, the University of British Columbia, the University of Victoria and Simon Fraser University—have been reaching out to aboriginal communities, as well as providing aboriginal curricula for the greater community. The negotiating parties, recognizing the long-term nature of treaty negotiations, have entered into more than 50 interim measures. Some of these agreements protect designated resources such as fish and set aside some of the claimed land in advance of a formal treaty.

As well, First Nations have signed numerous private commercial agreements relating to agriculture, real estate and forestry. Similarly, both sport and commercial fishing industries have reached operational co-operative understandings. As treaty negotiations continue to the next stage, other sectors of the economy, such as cattle ranching and mining, will enter into the process. Delays caused by a referendum would add to First Nations' legitimate fears that their traditional lands and way of life will be eroded if their wealth before the claims are settled.

The negotiators' apparent minimal progress has caused many to doubt whether the treaty process can ever be successful in reconciling the differences that exist in the broader community. In the context of societal progress, there have been significant changes, as quickly as the laws of the land allow. Inherent Aboriginal rights were entrenched in the Canadian Act of 1982, and the historic landmark court case *Delgamuogwe v. British Columbia* in 1990 clearly outlined the inherent rights of First Nations. Beginning in the B.C. Supreme Court, this case proceeded to the B.C. Court of Appeal in 1993, 1993, and then to the Supreme Court of Canada in 1997, which rendered its historic outcome in 1998.

While I am not a legal expert, I question whether the use of a referendum would be appropriate in settling the equities of British Columbians, or other Canadians, on treaty matters respecting the rights of



Residential school in Alberni, B.C. (center): Gitksan dances in Ottawa in 1997 as their lawyers present their land-claims case to the Supreme Court (top)

First Nations. In some jurisdictions, such as California and other American states, referendum decisions are binding. The complexity of the issues in British Columbia, however, could easily result in the tyranny of the majority on the rights of an important minority—without any reference to the Constitution or numerous Supreme Court rulings.

Critics of the negotiations say there's a lack of transparency in the process in British Columbia and that a referendum might bring the issue directly to the people. I'm sure the communications with the public could be, and should be, improved. In examining this approach short-term, however, I have discovered that there are three organizations representing various parts of the broader community, including the Treaty Negotiation Advisory Committee, which has approximately 33 members representing industry groups.

In 1992, subsequent to extensive talks, the federal and provincial governments and the First Nations agreed to a six-stage negotiatory process. At no time was the use

of a referendum proposed—and was it ever contemplated. In good faith, First Nations have accrued debts of over \$150 million dollars in the negotiatory process to date. Both the federal and provincial governments have spent at least as much, an investment that will be at risk if the referendum is introduced. A referendum at this late stage could constitute a serious breach of trust in the entire negotiatory process.

The economic benefits to British Columbia should accrue all Canadians. It is anticipated that financial settlements will come from Canadians as a whole, represented by the federal government, while the land portion of any settlements would come from the province. In 1995, the accounting firm KPMG provided a detailed analysis of the potential components impact of land-claim settlements. It said the province can expect about a three-to-one return for every dollar spent. KPMG estimates the net financial benefits to British Columbia would be between \$30 billion and \$5.3 billion over 40 years. With continued uncertainty, however, the realization of this benefit remains remote. History, as well as the Supreme Court rulings, tells us that aboriginal Canadians have inherent rights which descendants of immigrants do not have. I, for one, accept this fact. Hopefully we'll respect and embrace the diverse heritage of all Canadians.

Millem Wong is chairman of Simon Fraser University and chairman of HSBC Asset Management Canada Ltd. He is also chairman of the Vancouver-based Lawton Foundation, an independent, non-profit organization studying the social and economic impact of cultural diversity in Canada.

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Does Ottawa Matter?

The federal government's biggest job is to find a new sense of purpose

BY JOHN GEDDES in Ottawa

Vanaper's Downtown Eastside is the sort of place, when it's time to longer the federal government even think. The federal capital's bright-blossomed that returns out from the corner of Hastings and Main may be nationally notorious, but its troubles are profoundly local. The drugs create crime, a problem for the city's police. The addicts are sick, a burden for the province's health system. The classic federal jurisdictions as set out in the Constitution—trade and banking, say, or defence and foreign affairs—are as remote from these issues as the parliamentary dining room is from a soup kitchen.

Yet this toughest of urban precincts is emerging as a laboratory for a new bid by Ottawa to get directly involved in the

management of society's ills. It is a message that the federal government is searching for new roles again after the long slog of grinding the deficit down to nothing. This chance to venture into new territory began four years ago when the Vancouver/Richmond Health Board declared a public health crisis in the Downtown Eastside. Since then an unusual partnership of the three levels of government has formed to tackle the problem, an arrangement that is finally close to producing results. By winter, three new centres where junkies can find help—from medical attention to a shower and a cup of coffee—should be open for business in the area.

In the past, a social-service offensive like this one might well have got some federal funding, but the money would typically have been sent from an high to the provincial agencies or municipal

agencies that would deliver that attention. This time, Ottawa will not be merely a distant hunker. Health Canada, working closely with several other departments, is maintaining a street-level view of how its three most \$7-million-plus investments is spent. A joint secretariat representing the federal, provincial and municipal partners, to be headquartered in or near the Downtown Eastside, is being set up to oversee the work.

If including Ottawa in the front-line team tackling an intractable problem just sounds sensible, consider how rarely this sort of co-operation happens. Often, tangles among the three levels of government derail co-operation efforts—witness the recent squabbling over a federal bid to ramp up construction of subsidized low-cost housing. Health Minister Allan Rock, the key federal participant in the



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL

Vancouver Agreement, has a tongue-in-cheek explanation for why this initiative hasn't been torn apart by politicians vying for power and profits. "The issue here is not so much who is going to get the credit," Rock says, "but who is going to get the blame, because the Downtown Eastside is just a terrible problem."

There is, of course, more to it than a desire to appease the political class. Vancouver Mayor Philip Owen happens to be a close ally of federal Liberals, and Rock is among the federal cabinet ministers most determined to be a player in areas previously dominated by the provinces and cities. "It's nice for the government of Canada to have a more active role," he declares. That impulse to activism is now driving Ottawa's agenda as it hunkers at yet one more Jean Chrétien vote in the 1995 election and quickly made beating the deficit his government's top priority. His first two terms were summed up in adjectives like "reactionary" and "fugal." With budget surpluses now on the horizon, the deep-seated Liberal hankering to actually do something is back in vogue.

But what? The trouble for federal Liberals is that the top-of-mind issues of the day tend not to be ones they can easily take command over. Health care may be the subject of a federal royal commission, but the provinces—particularly Ontario's omnipotent Mike Harris—have argued no matter they will miss any federal incursion into this core provincial jurisdiction. While the federal government leverages influence through the money it transfers to the provinces to help pay for health, the delivery of services is where the action is—and Ottawa isn't. Another hot topic is what gets taught, or not, in Canadian classrooms—again, mostly a provincial matter. And other everyday worries, from setting the laws for smoking in bars to minimizing traffic jams, are first and foremost municipal concerns.

So as MPs prepare to return to the House of Commons next month, the most urgent theme for Parliament's fall session is finding a new sense of purpose. The Vancouver Agreement shows one potential strategy—look for ways to work closely with the cities, where, after all, most Canadians live. Or the answer could be found in the so-called innovation initiative, aimed to package a wide range of pro-



Courtsnow says the feds are growing disinterested with just handing out money

cesses for boosting working Canadians' skills and compensating entrepreneurs under one inspiring framework. In its scope, it is perhaps the most un-Chrétien-like scheme hatched by the originally cautious Chrétien regime.

The innovation policy, while paper now being drafted at the top levels of the bureaucracy, under the watchful eyes of a high-powered committee of deputy ministers, is meant to stake Ottawa's claim to leadership in the prime preoccupation of many Canadians—their own prosperity. Whether a governing vision can be delivered that fall is still an open question. The challenge facing human resources development and industry officials heading up the initiative is to keep it from blooming into a loosely connected web of incoherent inter-departmental push to get their pet projects funded.

The hunger for a new mission is palpable around Ottawa these days. In earlier eras, the first of a big federal presence in just about every corner of Canadian life was taken for granted. For nearly four decades after the Second World War, Ottawa had no shortage of grand visions. The Keynesian economics of the day dictated that governments should spend to smooth out the business cycle, effecting recessions. Industrial policy ideas gave birth to regional economic development schemes, while state enterprises from Air Canada to Petro-Canada proliferated. In social policy, universal health care was created, unemployment insurance expanded, and Ottawa became a full partner in welfare by splitting the cost of social assistance with the provinces.

But by the 1980s, Big Government was coming to be seen as Big Government. The notion that strategic public spending could solve all problems was widely repudiated. Regional misperceptions were seen as a bane, and Crown corporations were pressured. Social programs were questioned, but under constraints. Even during the years of steady economic growth after the 1995 elections, proposals floated by the Liberals for new social benefits—such as bringing prescription drug costs under medicare—went nowhere. The big Ottawa policy moment of the 1980s and '90s were the Conservative negotiation of North American free trade and the Liberal elimination of deficits. Neither achievement had much to do with any new role for government. One was about adjusting the private sector to create wealth, the other keeping up the status quo left behind by the era of public-sector grandiosity.

Nobody in Ottawa is talking seriously about turning the clock back now. The more restrained model of government that took hold during the past two decades is all but unchallenged. Still, there are signs that Ottawa is looking for ways to flex its muscles. Public-policy guru Thomas Courchesne, whose books on the

way federalism works are must-reads for politicians and mandarins who aim to be taken seriously, says the feds are growing less content with being merely a source of money in social-policy fields dominated by the provinces.

Courchesne sees signs of things to come in the ways the Chrétien government has already found to go it alone. The Millennium Scholarship program links Ottawa directly to university students without much regard for provincial education policies. The Canada Child Tax Benefit says around provincial social assistance plans to send federal cheques straight to low-income families. "These are very popular programs, so there's some concern on the part of some provinces that Ottawa is going to continue with this," says Courchesne.

"The federal government wants a more direct relationship with Canadians." The personal income tax might be the most powerful tool in the federal policy kit. Finance Minister Paul Martin has shown an enthusiasm for using the tax system to pursue social aims. He's been cranking the registered education savings plan, a tax break for parents who save towards their kids to university or college, as one of his most popular innovations. Federal officials are working out the details of a parallel scheme to reward Canadians who save to upgrade their skills as working adults. The plan could be a highlight of a "lifelong learning" theme in a fall economic initiative.

These federal agendas are perhaps the most fully fleshed-out part of the initiative. But Ottawa's Resources Development Minister Jane Stewart is hoping for both reviews for the plan, being developed by her department.

But Ottawa's agenda is perhaps the most fully fleshed-out part of the initiative. But Ottawa's Resources Development Minister Jane Stewart is hoping for both reviews for the plan, being developed by her department.



ment, to complete her long political rehabilitation after the controversy over mismanaged job grants that broke her off early last year. She again Canada will face a critical shortage of skilled workers in 10 to 15 years unless we start taking the issue seriously. The information revolution means companies need better-trained graduates from universities and colleges, and these already in the workforce will have to upgrade their skills more rapidly to keep up with technological change.

But federal officials concede that a major push into education risks riling up the provinces. To minimize friction, they plan to mostly steer clear of the core kindergarten-to-Grade 12 classroom years. Instead, they are focusing on measures to bolster early childhood development to get kids ready for the school system—an emphasis supported by a determined lobby of Liberal MPs—and on adult learning. Funding for postsecondary education and university research are well-established federal roles that the Chrétien government has already beefed up, and they avoid to get another government objection of new funding.

Playing a more direct role in making sure Canadians already in the workforce get more chances to upgrade their skills would be politically tricky. Ottawa could manpower training to the provinces under a series of deals signed in the 1990s. Jumping back in now would require some delicate federal-provincial diplomacy. But strains between Ottawa and the provinces are, of course, as old as Confederation. The drying up of powers in 1867 hit at the heart of Ottawa's central dilemma about which direction to take. The British North America Act gave the federal government control over some big 19th-century concerns. Who made the post office, banks and criminal law—all areas that still matter. But the provinces got the jurisdiction that rose to greater prominence in the 20th century, especially responsibility for hospitals and schools, and these continue to rank among the most pressing issues.

Federal politicians, though, have always found ways around the formal division of powers. In fact, fires of Canadian federalism, led by Courchesne, praise its competitive tensions as a force for spurring governments to be more creative. The feds use the so-called spending power to allow a

path into provincial jurisdictions, essentially transferring money to areas for a way to program standards. The iconic example is the Canada Health Act, which sets basic guidelines for medicare across the country. The provinces sign on, but are generally left with plenty of room to experiment to find the best ways of delivering services.

The system has proven flexible, but in some common provincial instances to say new federal threats are growing. Quebec's separatist government has fought just about every big move Ottawa has made in recent years. Ontario's Harris has pulled his province back from its tradition as a neutral ally of Ottawa to a more prickly, autonomous stance. In Alberta, a group of prominent academics are an alarm early now early this year by urging the Conservative government to "build firewalls" around the province.

No wonder working much more closely with cities is starting to be seen around Ottawa as a tempting alternative. Municipal politicians are viewed as flexible—and under the charismatic influence of Toronto urban planning visionary Jane Jacobs, big cities are in vogue among policy experts who are them as the level of government to watch in the new century. Rock wants the Vancouver Downtown Eastside as a model for action. "I'd like to work in the coming years in developing a more robust role for the government of Canada with cities," he says. "That's where the people are, and urban issues are national issues. It's a national issue how we're going to deal with transit. It's a national issue how we're going to solve problems of affordable housing."

If that seems like a politician presenting himself as a gap who thinks big, keep in mind that Rock is lined up as a leadership candidate for whatever Chrétien retires. So is Industry Minister Brian Tobin, who, along with Stewart, is spearheading the innovation initiative. And both Rock and Tobin are, of course, chasing Martin, the man behind using the personal tax system to play a more popular role in Canadians' lives. Combine those aims of power, ministerial ambitions with Ottawa's wider inclination to stretch out, and the stage is set for a more assertive brand of federal politics. The question now is how far Chrétien—a lifelong believer in modest steps over visionary initiatives—is ready to go.

Ottawa's Harris vows to surrender in the very jurisdictional turf wars

Photo: Chris O'Brien

Tidying up 'a mess'

JULIAN BELTRAME in Ottawa

Parts has the splendour of the Champs-Élysées, the municipal broad avenue at the heart of the City of Light. Washington features the Mall, a luscious stretch of greenery that offers an unobstructed sight line to the Capitol Dome. Ottawa has "a mess," in the blunt words of Marcel Beaudry, chairman of Canada's National Capital Commission, the Crown corporation that oversees federal property in the capital. His harsh assessment of Sparks Street, a pedestrian mall that is a cluster of shops, fine-food eateries and sales offices, may exaggerate the matter. But few would argue that what now stands on a block south of the gothic-inspired Parliament Hill grounds serves only to block a magnificent creation. "The capital is a masterful business card," says Beaudry, "and right now ours looks like hell—so we have to do something."

That something, Beaudry is determined, should be grand. The capital commission recently completed a round of public consultations on a 50-year plan to reimagine Canada's capital. It is the second time Ottawa has embarked on such an ambitious—some would say extravagant—program. In 1956, French urban planner Jacques-Gérard had laid out the long-term plan for the city. Many of his recommendations were adopted, including the ribbon of open green space that circles the city, a network of meandering walkways and bicycle paths, and the ban-

Ambitious or extravagant? Either way, the National Capital Commission has a grand, 50-year plan to transform Ottawa into a capital worthy of the nation. But the critics—and there are plenty of them—won't make it easy.



THE BIRDS-EYE VIEW

- ① **SPARKS STREET** The pedestrian mall is currently the NCC's public enemy No. 1.
- ② **VICTORIA AND CHARLES ISLANDS** The original challenge facing the NCC.
- ③ **LEBRETON FLATS** Despite its prominent waterfront site, the area is a wasteland.

showers of the train station from the core "Thur's dance," says Beaudry, a former Hull, Que., mayor and real estate developer. "Now we're entering a new century and we need to think about the next 50 years." Here's what he has in mind.

SPARKS STREET: The five-block, narrow pedestrian mall and surrounding area is a NCC's public enemy No. 1. Of particular concern is its intersection with rue Metcalfe Street, which offers the most direct view of Parliament Hill's massive Centre Block and majestic Peace Tower. As the commission notes, Metcalfe is too claustrophobic to properly showcase the street of governments—or must be aired out. Originally, commission planners wanted to create a broad boulevard the full length of Metcalfe—a true Canadian Champagne-Ellysée. The price tag for buying up such a swath of property, however, was prohibitive, upwards of \$500 million. Now, planners are settling their sights on what locals have dubbed *Champs-Élysées Lite*, a large plaza opening up a two-block vista of Parliament Hill. Beneath the square, the commission wants to put underground parking. On the southwest, it envisions private developers building a commercial-residential lightbox. But opposition is stiff. Creating a square would mean leveling or moving five buildings on the north side of Sparks, including the heritage-designated old Montreal Telegraph site, which now houses an artifice store. It also proposes that private insurers air lining up to develop the zone.

LEBRETON FLATS: The former industrial site just west of Parliament Hill has been an urban wasteland for 35 years. Ideas for using the 65-hectare expanse of wild grass, matted mud, masts and parking lots have come and gone. Then in May, Canadian Heritage Minister Sheila Copps announced the government will construct a new Canadian War Museum there.

With the museum as an anchor, the NCC wants to fill in the remaining space with a combination of parkland, residential and commercial units, and a large festival park. It also proposes rezoning the Ottawa River Parkway, which currently follows the river's shoreline, south through the flats to allow public access to the river. The government has set aside \$59 million to clean up the site. The museum is scheduled to open in 2004, although the design has yet to be chosen.

VICTORIA AND CHAUDIERE ISLANDS:

Located on the Ottawa River between the capitol and Hull, the islands represent the NCC's biggest challenge. The commission wants to connect the two islands and the mainland with several pedestrian bridges. On Victoria Island, the largest of the two, it would build an arboreal centre. It would convert the former E. B. Eddy paper manufacturing plant on Chaudière into a museum dedicated to the region's part as a lumber centre. There would also be extensive landscaping, along with construction of footbridges, boardwalks, piers and docking facilities to try to lure visitors.

But the NCC must convince Chaudière's current owner, Donair Inc., to depart. So far, the company has shown no inclination to do so. Since 1995, the company spent \$200 million to modernize its operations and issued a statement in May 1998, that it intends to stay put. Beaudry dismisses the NCC's proposal for the islands is, at best, a vision for the distant future.

Ottawans won't have to wait for other federal improvements. The old U.S. Embassy, directly in front of the Centre Block and abandoned when American diplomats moved into their new quarters in 1999, is being prepared for a national permit gallery. A national sports hall of fame is slated to take up residence in the former railroad station, a highly praised neo-classical building across the street from the Chinese Lanes. In the midst of its continuous renovations to the Parliament buildings, the government is also considering a proposal for new office space on the Hill, including a new structure beside the West Block. That has raised fears of a modern steel-and-glass monstrosity set in the midst of the Hill's gothic wonders, with their inspiring towers and distinctive copper peaks. But former House Speaker John Fraser, whose committee made the recommendations in May, insists "anything new will have to fit the surroundings."

Will any of it really happen? As critics point out, the NCC has a long history of unrealized dreams. The commission does have an ace in the hole, however, in Prime Minister Jean Chrétien, who is said to be anxious to leave his stamp on the capital. Insiders say Chrétien is no mere supporter of the plan but was in fact its catalyst, and



SPARKS STREET: Crossing a two-block plaza will open up the narrow intersection of Metcalfe Street and the pedestrian mall, affording a clear view of the Centre Block and Peace Tower on Parliament Hill.



VICTORIA AND CHAUDIERE ISLANDS: Redevelopment may take place in the distant future, but plans for a variety of cultural, recreational and commercial facilities include an ecological centre, extensive landscaping and facilities for seasonal boating.



LEBRETON FLATS: The existing Ottawa River Parkway will be moved southward to give people better access to the water, and to make room for a large festival park and residential and commercial development.



critics have begun referring to the Metcalfe and Sparks piazza proposal as Chrétien's "vanity project." In a statement to *Maclean's*, Chrétien praised the NCC's "bold plan," adding, "Canada deserves a national capital that is nothing less than our showcase; one that reflects our creativity, our diversity and our extraordinary accomplishments."

But opposition is already building, particularly to the piazza. Elizabeth Arnold, the city councillor representing the downtown core, calls the concept "fantastic"—and she doesn't mean wonderful. "The NCC is fixated on demolishing buildings," she complains. Arnold adds that a vast, open square might not make such a cozy viewing platform in a city with six months of blustery, wintry weather. She is more amenable to the commission's residential proposals on Sparks, saying it would revitalize the street. Merchants are also digging in their heels against the plan. Tony Fisher, whose family clothing store has been crisscrossed on Sparks since 1905, says he may agree to relocating down the street. "But I expect to stay on the block," he told *Maclean's*. "If anything else happened, there would be blood."

Then there are the aesthetic concerns over the piazza. Barry Piddock, an Ottawa architect and heritage consultant, says the NCC confuses architectural concepts in trying to replicate Washington or Paris. Washington was planned in the neo-classical style to emulate the idea of a great democracy; Paris is a neo-baroque city and the Champs-Élysées is meant to convey a sense of power and procession. But Parliament Hill recalls London's gothic aspect, he says, with its towers revealed obliquely and suddenly, almost at one step around a corner. "You shouldn't miss them up," Piddock insists, "and if the corner in the capitol is missing its heritage and history, it's a cost not worth paying."

To Beaudry, the copying betrays the sort of small-mindedness that has, in the past, stood in the way of making Ottawa a capital worthy of the greatness of Canada. "We have another opportunity now," he says. "It'll be costly, buildings will be demolished, but if you achieve something beneficial to the whole area, we must act." With the plan's powerful sponsor—the Prime Minister—expected to retire in the next two or three years, it may be the NCC's best chance to see its vision realized. ■

TERRY'S NEW FIELD OF DREAMS

Why rest? Canada's feistiest high-tech billionaire is out to make it big—for the third time in his life

BY ROBERT SHEPPARD in Kanata

The man can talk. Nearly two hours into the interview and Terry Matthews is just starting to warm to his current plans, the big comeback that has his fellow high-tech stars wondering what he knows that they don't. So far we have been through the history of early Russian fertilization (in southwestern Britain, the Arthurian legend, the exploits of Henry V ("one tough wine")—a favorite Matthewsian anecdote—born in Monmouth, Wales, just down the road from the entrepreneur's own humble birthplace), a quick history of iron bridges and the origins of roundlugs, base spinning, and the Industrial Revolution, all centered around the crucibles of southern Wales. "Everything started with coal," says Matthews, who comes from a coal-mining family and who introduces himself by tossing a lump of hard black anthracite across the desk. "That was the energy source. One Welsh company I knew something about shipped 180 iron bridges. To Argentina. On sailing ships. Because steel didn't exist then." He firmly buries one of the punchlines, his tongue thickening, his eyes closed, despairing at the audacity of innovation.

One tough wine? Outwardly perhaps. Although the book on Terry Matthews is that—for better or worse—he is a true environmentalist, loyal to a fault. He is someone who names his companies after the places he grew up, who bought the maternity hospital where he was born and turned it into a world-class resort (Celtic Manor, it's run by his sister, his eldest son works there). He also has a knack for making his top employees, at least those who put in the crucial day-long hours he does, stock-option millionaires.

Little known outside his own industry, the way he seems to live, the 58-year-old Matthews may well be Canada's most successful high-tech entrepreneur, a legit billionaire who started off suffering credit bonds as his partner's business (outside the bids' rye, Bush and entertaining, he is also a corporate raider: he makes it a practice not to sit on boards of companies he doesn't have a stake in—he doesn't want to dilute his empire). He's probably the only CEO you never see keynoting a business conference, laughs telecommunications consultant Ian Argon, who has met him more than one occasion to lure Matthews to a podium. "But he inspires remarkable loyalty. Even in the bad times nobody has a negative thing to say about

"Terry Matthews." All they say is he works like a fiend, talks at the top of his lungs and has no hobbies to speak of outside of naming companies by the pocketful and drinking beer. Mind you, he does seem to enjoy the freedom of industrial history, perhaps because it mirrors his own.

Thirty-two years ago, Matthews, then 26, came to Canada on a holiday with his wife, Ann, and stayed on to build two fortunes, selling the mail—the iron bridges—of the telecommunications revolution all over the world. MarCom Corp., the company he founded with the businessman Michael Cowpland in Ottawa's fledgling high-tech suburbs in 1973, rode the Trans-Canada phone cable into the mid-1980s before it faltered (the accounts differ) and was sold to British Telecom. Kanata-based

Matthews, in a field near his parked company jet outside Ottawa, meets more

Newbridge Networks Corp., the company, the one he named after the small Welsh town where he spent his childhood, had 6,000 employees and \$1.8 billion in annual revenue when it was sold—against his wishes as chairman—to France's telecom giant Alcatel SA for \$10.4 billion in February 2000.

The deal left Matthews set for life with four per cent of Alcatel, the largest single shareholding. ("It's a good relationship, by the way," he says of Alcatel, whose Canadian operation, in the Ottawa suburbs of Kanata, is in the former Newbridge building, just a parking lot away in the industrial park that Matthews almost singlehandedly

built through a private holding company.) By one recent tally, he is the eighth wealthiest Canadian and the richest Welshman—a dual citizen, he was knighted this summer to the chagrin of Jean Chrétien's Ottawa, which frowns on foreign titles for Canadians—with a personal fortune of roughly \$2.8 billion.

But the Alcatel arrangement also left him feeling unfulfilled, maybe even a tad vengeful. So what that he is one of Canada's largest venture capitalists, sitting scotchily between his native Wales and his adopted Kanata, a joined web of (new) silicon valleys—with at least 50 high-tech startups to his credit—inspired by a series of Matthews-built golf courses (and the man doesn't golf). He wants another multi-billion-dollar corporation with all

the creative sandboxes and business ideas that only such an enterprise can bring.

So a year ago, he envisioned himself as one of his smaller startups, a \$50-million-a-year company specializing in video surveillance technology, and renamed it Murch Networks Corp. The name comes from the March Road location in Kanata, which used to be called Murch Township, which drew its name from a former Earl of Murch who was once the big rocky-outcrop in the area known as The Murches in southern Wales where Matthews was born. Matthews revels in the kind of wistful David-like serendipity, something that drives even his ivory-adorned kids crazy.

Then in February, he bought the old Mural mine and its communications business at a fire-sale price: \$350 million for a



company with nearly \$700 million a year in revenues. And now—possibly as early as October, but more likely in March (the lawyers are fiddling with details, and there is that screwy thing to consider), he plans to merge the two into one devoted startup under the Marsh name. The goal is to create the black box and software that will link the now separate spheres of voice, video and data communications. The true bridge of tomorrow.

In the Marshman view of the future, no longer will businesses be organized around separate arrangements for telephones and desktop computers. You can have both "appliances," as they are called on your desk, but they will be hooked to the same Internet-based servers. That means, at a minimum, you can check your voice and e-mail messages in the same place, co-ordinated by voice-recognizing software. It also means, with a little video involvement, you can see who you are telephoning and what is going on in your universe and more the data for instant access.

The screen on your phone (or PC, your choice) can be programmed to scan the latest stock quotes or to pick up the video feed from your child's day-care centre. (The day care in the Kansas research park is already being wired up to a Web site for anxious parents.) What's more, the security cameras in the classrooms can be programmed to respond or sound an alarm when it hears certain key words like help or the sound of breaking glass.

Beave now work? Oh yeah. But the corporate unearthing has more the feel of a sphynx wrestle. Haunting himself back in the saddle, Marshman has gone out and rounded up many of the old gang for one last ride into Dodge. His chief technology and marketing guys are both old Newbridge hands. Original Marshmen are scattered throughout the new organisation. "The joke around here is that Terry went out for coffee 15 years ago and now he's back," says Lee.

As a time when high tech is a talisman, when giants like Intel and Lucent are laying off staff by the thousands, Marshman is almost the only light in the heavens. In recent months, he has taken on an additional 150 or so engineers and market-



Matthews and Cowpland in their Mimi days; the latest 'appliance' (inset)



up research and development spending by \$40 million more a year—much of it from his own pocket. He has used the downturn to grouch Don Smith, a former top Intel executive (and before that a Mimi engineer the two go way back) to be his CIO and to mollify those who say Marshman doesn't have the patience for the day-to-day grind of executive operations.

The plan is to stay a private company at least, until there is a tech turnaround on sight, and then or four good quarters to show so—a couple of years away anyway. This way there are no public shareholders to mollify, no get in the way of Terry and his customers or Timmy and his beloved engineers. "He's kind of like a god around here," says one newly acquired employee down into the merger. Perhaps more like an evangelist. At Mimi and Newbridge, his mentorship was legendary: he had a Rolodex the size of a cow and was fearless about who he called. He'd also hand-sell his own engineers. "When I first started at Mimi as a junior designer, the guy would blow in and say 'what do you think about this' and well say 'Terry, you're mean,'" observes Fred Gillen, now an engineer at Marsh. "Then he would go out and promise it to a customer and somehow we'd figure out how to deliver it and there would be high fives all around. After he'd done that about 15 times you have to wonder, what does he know that I don't."

Keep wondering. To drive home his point, Marshman's money hands thump the table and you can't stop him from drawing out his ideas on the ever-busy greenboard, his wiping hand getting blacker with every revolution. "This stuff is necessary," he says, the gaze never wavered an inch, "and I've been around long enough to know that the timing is right. This is not a new thing doing. I'm trying to sell you." (A cold man to the last, he is no fan of slushy things.)

"This is stuff you've already got and you know how it works and I'm saying, 'I can make it better,'" he continues. "And if I'm right I become Mr. Big just like in the days of Mimi when the growth just shot up. And if I'm right we've created a wave. And it's not a regular wave. It's a riding wave."

If the guesses right, Terry Marshman may not only become Mr. Big again but Mr. Big Boothe, an ironic twist on someone who guards his own privacy with the meticulousness of a papa bear. Data technology has always had an intrusive element. Marrying it to video and searching as ubiquitous as the telephone may carry it to a whole new level.

Marshman's initial targets are schools, real scores worried about pilferage and employee safety, moving homes, and financial institutions in the United States that are being forced by new regulations to archive customer disbursements quickly. Marsh-Mimi is already shipping a 24-port box that can

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Concerned with safety, a Scottish school board with 242 schools has begun installing the Mael House-based system in its classrooms. Soon parents will be able to dial in (or use the Internet) to get a voice message of their children's assignments. In Halifax and Moncton, a pilot project is being announced this week to monitor some of the basic home-care requirements of elderly patients via a video screen based on a central office. A camera in a discreet frame on the TV while the patient is guided through self-examination from afar. In Georgia, a bank has set up the Mael system to video-record certain customer transactions.

There are opening gambits. The poten-

tial end Matthews has already opened sales offices in Toronto, China, Hong Kong, Seoul, Sydney, Australia, and Auckland and is working his Rolodex again to piggyback on some of his old customers and their occasional networks. With the roughly \$750 million in annual revenue right now between Mael and Mirel, Matthews says he intends to "double that and then double it again within four years," leaving him with a Newbridge-sized conglomerate in less than half the time it took him the last time out. "That makes it a whole new category of company," he says. "I can start lifting bigger and bigger weights." Then he will go after the big central-office systems. "It will upset some of the big boys," assuming the Lucases, the Norbels, the Trincos, he says. "But I will be there."

Be there. Been there. Some remember the dizzying heights, some the troughs

hijacking their projects or starting ones that weren't budgeted. (His solution: He got feedback from managers to do development work that was then sold or licensed back to Newbridge.) Eventually, though, the competition from much larger firms increased, institutional shareholders panicked and the board met behind the back of its chairman and founder to endorse the sale to Alcatel.

Still, they were two great rides that rewarded a not insignificant number of software engineers and shareholders and put Orren on the map as Silicon Valley North. "Look," says venture capitalist David Doyle, a former Newbridge director and a kind of village elder in Canada's high-tech industry, "there are about 75,000 high-tech employees in the Orren areas today and there is no question in my mind that at least a third of those jobs can be attributed to Terry Matthews. The



tial is enormous. Virtual nurses will be able to make two to three times as many "house" visits as regular ones. Financial institutions will be able to cough up a video or a telephone transaction within minutes—that's the difference here, the speed of it all. You just hit the switch button, the software will capture key words that were spoken or set by date and time. Everything is recorded and stored in one big digital raw file. Big Brother? "Oh I don't deny that," says Matthews cheerily. "But this is a rough world. There are things that were not acceptable five years ago, that were maybe not technically possible. But on rethinking, recording of activities in a classroom is right up there with the gods."

Can he pull it off? The financial plan is simple enough. Get back into the multi-business model that Mael vacated and also start adding around the world again, not just in the three main markets of Canada, the United States and Britain. To

MATTHEWS' MAIN ASSETS:

- Four per cent of Pado-based telecommunications giant Alcatel SA, valued at \$1.3 billion.
- Celtic House International Corp., an Ottawa-based venture capital firm with \$2.5 billion under management. Matthews is "principal founder."
- Celtic Manor, a major resort and conference center with three golf courses in southern Wales. A recent expansion cost \$250 million.

- Kanata Research Park Corp., a private real estate arm that owns 135,000 square metres of office space and is building a hotel and golf course in an Ottawa business park.
- Majority holding in Mael Networks, a \$50-million company soon to be merged with Mael Networks (30 per cent), a telecom supplier, bought this year for \$250 million.

Mirel was the high-tech upstart of its day, doubling its revenues in the early going until the Americans ordered the breakup of the all-powerful AT&T telephone giant in 1982, causing Mirel to lose the inside track with its then biggest customer. Mael was also late to market with one of its more ambitious switching products, leaving Matthews with an indelible lesson: "Better never than late," he says, an aphorism that may account for at least some of his megalomaniacal ambitions.

Newbridge also shot off to a fast start. But it, too, had product problems in the late 1990s. Some customers refused to pay their bills; the stock dropped like a stone. Newbridge righted itself for a time but it always seemed to have problems keeping a strong number 2 in the president's chair. The board kept trying to push Matthews out of the day-to-day operation; some of his executives joked they had to set out "Matthews traps" to keep him from

man does know how to recognize trends."

Matthews doesn't call them trends, mind you. He prefers waves or, his favorite term, "disruptive technologies." Like the Touch-Tone phone that crabbled users on their own to find the extension they wanted or do their own banking. Or the iron bridges that supplanted wooden ones because *iron bridges don't burn*. And now Matthews feels he has a truly disruptive technology upon his disposal, something to cut through established business practices like an Excalibur. The business press is already having some fun with the imagery, the once and future King of Kanata, they call him. And while Tony Blair's government made him a laughe in June it would be weird to take this Arthurian stuff too far. Impetuous? Sure, but there is something decidedly elemental about Matthews' ambitions. He is not so much Lord of the March, but the march itself. Ever onward. □

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Tech Explorer



Sony's latest AIBO is
the one on the right

player be far behind!

Yet while Sony views its product as an eventual entertainment megastar in its own right—not to mention a great corporate promotional tool—robotics experts actually take it seriously. Gregory Dudek, a professor at McGill's Centre for Intelligent Machines, says "I think many in the robotics community are very hopeful that AIBO

Hey, it's a robot's life

"I'm a celebrity," a coddled Toronto television personality is saying to the 18-wheeler, battery-powered robot pet that Sony Corp. calls AIBO. "It's a celebrity. Pick up ball." But AIBO is an independent-minded machine with its own "personality." It wags its tail and yawns; the cameraman runs away. So AIBO starts attacking the ball, to the delight of surrounding children. Someone comments, "Act a lot like my dog."

OK, so they got that part right. But at the Canadian launch of AIBO's new version, Ricky Yokota of Sony's Tokyo headquarters insists that the metallic creature is far more than an entertainment pet. At \$2,300, it's also no toy—AIBO (for Artificial Intelligence Robot) came to an upper-income niche market, mostly gadget-loving males. As the second-generation model (ERS-210) of a prototype developed eight years ago, AIBO is no less than a four-legged "autonomous entertainment robotic companion," says Yokota. It can use various AIBO-wave applications—carried, of course, on Sony's proprietary Memory Stick cards—to recognize up to 50 words, respond to a music chosen by its owner, answer commands with vocal melodies and—ah, now we start to get it—take digital photographs with its camera-equipped eyes. A slew of other peripherals looms on the horizon: come fall, owners can edit AIBO's movements and sounds with AIBO Master Studio and use the AIBO Wireless LAN Card to control the machine's movements from a PC. AIBO will also soon read aloud your e-mail via an Internet connection. Can a built-in CD

will mean a renaissance in the robotics industry. A lot of the technologies have developed to a defined point. It may be the beginning of a whole series of things like it that have a lot of potential."

Yokota is quick to agree. He envisions a near-to-distant future in which such household will have a robot member. "Sony is trying to introduce a new lifestyle where humans and robots co-exist," he says. About 100,000 AIBOs have been sold, with Japan the biggest market. Sony also has plans for a two-legged humanoid entertainment robot, although its commercial function has not yet been determined. Recalling another notable virtual creature that gripped imaginative world-wide, Yokota agrees that AIBO can be compared to Tamagotchi—with one crucial difference: "This one doesn't die."

July Kirsch

Cool Sites

Staying safe online

A back-to-school time approaches, so about more internet use of the Internet by kids. That also means more opportunities for the Web's dark side to hunt young surfers. A group of concerned Web users, led by Rebecca Warren of Pembroke, Ont., has established www.kidscanada.com to help kids—and parents, avoid such evils as cyber-stalking, porn sites, harassment and computer viruses. There are copious guidelines and tips in English and French, as well as a special, fun area for younger kids.

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Donald Caxe

The beauty of diversity

Everywhere I go, I meet people grumbling about how wild "the market" is. To them, "the market" is the stock market and the only source of the stock market that really matters is technology stocks. That is a wonderful statement as saying that "the market" is always terrible. "The market" is the whole world of financial instruments and some are always performing beautifully, just as there is always some place where the sun shines.

Millions of people worldwide have been hurt by the collapse in tech stocks. In Canada, the damage is actually more widespread than in the U.S., because BCE Inc.'s spinoff of most of its Noriel Networks Corp. holdings last year put shares of one of the worst losers into so many portfolios.

There are many lessons to be learned from this debacle, but the most obvious is the value of portfolio diversification. Although people paid lip service to the rule that one shouldn't have all one's eggs in one basket, too many people ended up with too many—if not all—of their eggs in one basket just before those eggs cracked and emitted hydrogen sulfide gas.

A reasonable exposition of the rewards of diversification comes from Woody Allen. "The great advantage of being bisexual," he observed, "is that you double your chances of getting a date on Saturday night." Wise portfolio diversification doubles your chances of getting reasonable returns (and dramatically reduces your chances of losing money). The wealth-building policy of diversification with occasional asset shifts to reflect swings in valuation among asset classes is called tactical asset allocation.

I have spent nearly three decades practicing and recommending TAA. It is used, in one form or another, by numerous major financial institutions, but individual investors can also benefit from it. The most obvious route is through well-managed "balanced" or "asset allocation" mutual funds.

TAA is not "market timing." Market timing is a risky attempt to manage exposure to stocks by moving from 100 per cent in stocks to as much as 100 per cent in cash or short-term equivalents. Few players (and that is an appropriate term for such activity) prosper over the long term from such adventures. Why? Because those who have made bonanza calls correctly, such as exiting the stock market in September, 1987, before the crash in October, usually take too long to get fully invested again, thereby missing much of the subsequent recovery. Even worse, like some of the high-profile investors who made that call, they keep looking for another chance to come, and they get out of the market again

when a major new bull market is just getting started.

Unlike market timing, TAA is based on portfolio diversification. TAA includes a wider range of optional asset classes than most domestic stocks and cash, including short-term bonds, mid-term bonds, long-term bonds, foreign currency-denominated bonds, equity assets, foreign stocks and emerging market assets. TAA is used in medium-term (five-year) and longer-term (15- to 20-year) investment programs. Its goal is to achieve a high real rate of return (that is, adjusted for inflation) with a moderate level of risk through changes in weightings of the asset classes.

TAA practitioners know that, over the long term, the riskiest asset is cash, because it has the lowest real rate of return. Long-term investors (institutional or individual) who routinely hold significant amounts of cash (waiting better buying opportunities or as a supposed hedge against a market sell-off) punish themselves. The only time cash has delivered satisfactory real rates of return relative to stocks or bonds was during the extraordinary bear markets of the 1970s and early 1980s. It also gave an excellent real rate of return relative to stocks—but hugely underperformed bonds—during the great deflationary bear market of the 1930s.

Portfolio diversification was popular with retail investors until the late 1990s. As is typical in late stages of bull markets, many people came to believe stocks would go up forever, and there were "experts" to assure them that was the case. As long as you weren't going to need your money for at least five years, you should put it all in stocks, because stocks outperform everything.

The course of capitalism is that stocks must outperform other asset classes over the long term, but that doesn't mean all the time. For example, long-term (20 years and up) government bonds have outperformed Canadian stocks since September, 1981. Over that span, stocks have outperformed bonds most of the time, but the best returns in stocks have been far more severe than the best returns in bonds, so that, as of today, the 20-year record for long bonds is better.

Stocks remain the premier asset class for personal wealth-building. Nevertheless, over most time periods in the past three decades, holders of well-managed balanced portfolios have been earning better—and sleeping better—than their equity-focused counterparts. Sweet are the uses of diversity.

Donald Caxe is chairman of Haver Investment Management in Chicago and Toronto-based Jans Howard Investments.

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What's a girl to do?

It's the 21st century now—do women know what their stereotypes are up to?

BY JUDITH THIMSON

Here's a joke that was making the rounds in one Torrance Grade 8 class in the waning days of school last spring: "Why did the woman cross the road?" *Answer:* "Who cared? She should be in the kitchen." Now, perhaps another woman, hearing this, would have shrugged and gone on with her equal-opportunity-for-stress life, but I admit that more than my curiosity was piqued. We are living large, complete with more than three decades after Betty Friedan urged housewives to build something more fulfilling for themselves—so why is the kitchen hang even in play? I decided to document this baby, learning for instance as my 14-year-old daughter repeated the joke (which a boy had originally told her) in the car to a group of girls. They all guffawed. A few days later, I went at it again. "About this joke, . . ." I said. "It's just a joke," she answered warily. "With the amount of nonsense you has gotten used to tolerate by adolescence, I went back for a third go-round. 'Don't you get it?' my daughter finally asked. 'It's funny because it's just so stereotypical.'"

Oh, I see. Or maybe I don't. It's the 21st century, and I know where my children are, but do I know what my stereotypes are up to? I'm confused. Not anguished, not angry, not exhausted and not despairing. Just, here, in fact, about the ways my life and the lives of women around me have been made better by one of the great revolutions

of the past century, the struggle for equal rights, which finally secured for women more than just a slice of the pie (after we'd baked it, of course).

But some of the issues I thought we'd dealt with—busts as hood ornaments, for example—are back, bigger than ever. In fact, judging by the cleavage not only on pop stars but also at school dances, busts have become today's hot accessory. Flashes there, push them up or out to underwired or padded bras, cosmetically enhance busts (in what our wives were a sister, there's a new magazine on the stands—*Shape*—devoted to breast enhancement). Just don't leave home without them. You can even apparently fight better with them—ask Angelina Jolie who, as Lara Croft, an Indiana Jones-style comb-maid, dashes around, gracefully emboldened, her breasts as gods at every turn. "It was ridiculous," said the three teenage girls I'd sure to cultural savor in the movie. "But kind of cool."

This summer, bikinis were back—like pink gingham ones—along with a proposition theory, reported in *The New York Times*, that as women's bodies become more androgynous, bikinis are re-emerging because they emphasize the best, part of a woman's equipment that is unashamedly female. (I thought the only theory necessary to understand a bikini is "I have a great body and I'm going to the beach.")

Also back, believe it or not, is the Playboy bunny. In Jose Machine, I reached out in wonderment to reach a T-shirt with "Playmate of the year" emblazoned in glitter

across in tiny beads, the Playboy logo visible. You've got to be kidding. Elsewhere, nearly naked women, including one who seems to be holding a hockey in her hand, stare down from billboards, selling everything from all-male radio stations to high-end sportswear. If more women are enrolling in school, and more women are becoming scientists, doctors, lawyers and community leaders, why are more women more publicly undressed than ever before?

In New York City, they're even selling a namé white underbust-style tank top for women called—how adorable—"the wife beater," after those worn by Stanley Kowalski in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Blanche—run for your life! But the bottom line, women are allowing themselves to be disturbed down again. But elsewhere, I came across another glitter-enhanced male top with its own post-post-modern message across the chest: "Hi."

In these culture-driven times, it's not easy to figure out what is retrograde, what is truly modern and what is 21st-century ironic, and whether any of it means anything. More culture is a tantalizing big gulp for the young. They're hooked up to it on TV, while the rest of us, staggering in from work to make dinner (where are those chicken pot pies?), glance take note that Jennifer Lopez, the highest-paid and most successful Latina in showbiz history, a woman with an apparently functioning brain, still finds it necessary—like so many before her—to pose in lay figures on the cover of *Vanity Fair*. Does this mean



Young girls Ben Timson's daughter Emily, 14, have a spectacular array of possibilities open

women are being sexually commodified more than ever, or is it just Jennifer Lopez in her underwear?

There's a slew of market-friendly female role models for the young out there: from Britney Spears' blond bimbo-sex to Kelly the Vampire Slayer's cool and beautiful calm as she knocks off the bad guys, to Bridget Jones's sluggy gotta-get-a-man

dance sequence, in *Charlie's Angels*, and gush: "I'm blond, I'm hot, my ass, I'm like fairy faces" and they give me an award. Don't you love Hollywood?"

Well, no. Hollywood may be the one month's worth of rebellion against today more than that old villain, the patriarchy. And at least on the surface, it appears that young women now can be part of the cul-

tury are taking orders from Playboy bunny HQ. They wouldn't even know that wouldn't be a weird piece of fantasy.

On my desk is yet another girl-empowerment book, *Rebel, Rager, Mischievous Babe*—stories about being a powerful girl by Sharlene Azam, a Canadian journalist who has collected engaging first-person accounts on everything from body image

Sharlene Azam, in her introduction to the powerful girl stories, writes that being a teenager has become "tougher—even though there are so many more choices."

You could argue that for today's girls and women, choice is both the sword and the challenge. But how much choice is there really? Let's consider five stereotypes flared by the media in the past decade.

There's the over-popular, aforementioned sex bomb. There's the bitch-on-which female executive. There's the hatted and slightly beside working mom, popping Prozac and leading a girl-edged existence. There's her counterpart, the off-righteous may-or-haunt mom, a kind of renege Jane Cleaver whose kids are not doing ecstasy, thank you very much, because she gave up her life for them (except she's also on Prozac). Finally, there's the desperate 30ish single woman. Is Bridget Jones who's got gone. Maggie Blakelock, but no man and, oh dear, she's on Prozac, too. And the winner is...clearly the pharmaceutical companies.

Yes, inside each of these categories lie the complicated and warring emotional truths of many women's lives. Yes, there is tremendous pressure to be a babe, yes, it's difficult to be a babe and not be perceived as a bitch, yes, working and raising kids strains you to the limit; yes, being able to be with them as much as you can is crucial as much in your well-being as it is to drink and, yes, being unhappy single can lead you, like Bridget Jones, to drink wine after one of the bottle and lip-synce in treadmill songs while wearing floral pyjamas.

But consider that women control the spending habits of a nation in a way that didn't exist before—they buy the most books, they decide which household appliances to use, they constantly buy the most clothes, and they also, for the first time, are the predominant consumers of music. And when once there were few books that spoke directly to a woman's daily experience, there now is an avalanche. Walk into any bookstore and the shelves are stacked with books chattering about every experience in a woman's life. Childbirth? Over here. Menopause? Here we've opened up the special. *Errogenic*. Reading books just for you. There are beautifully written non-fictional books—*Dianne Heile's Just like a Woman*, *Natalie Anger's Women, An Antisocial Geography*—which celebrate fe-

male biology, and bold, young feminist tracts like *Mansplore* by Jennifer Baumgardner and Amy Richards.

The literature means, in part, it points, shows and pontificates, but most of all, it prescribes: you can be a girl-god independent woman, carrying your *Fishbone Girl* Guide to Disaster. Yes, my Toronto author Ken Ito and Ceri Marsh, you can

Ken had to adjust not too long ago to their own marriage had gone belly up—to much for never being on trend to have sex.

Despite these throwbooks, you know that equality has arrived when feminist principles are just another marketing tool, even used reactively. Even Agatha Christie's spunky detective Miss Marple is being rebranded as a "solo crime fighter" (Hey, let's get Angela like to play her, with grey hair dye.) The ethos that I call "you-go-prior" is rampant, sometimes making feminism seem as shallow as a Halibut and urging you to get in a mood with your inner bitch, as silly as a doozy with a name called "Ambrosia" or tragicomic as *The Virgin Monologues*. *The Monologues*, a controversial piece of theatre in which women talk, sometimes hilariously about their vaginas, still seems as retro to me as that Playboy bunny, its author Eve Ensler a fairly member of the avant-garde comedy that American writer Katha Pollit labelled "the solipsists."

Let the culture beat away in the background for a moment, and consider the landscape of just one woman's life. At moments, you reach a clearing, and if, in I do, you have the inextinguishable luxury of watching a daughter emerge into her place in the world, while you have the opportunity to share some memories with your mother, with it time for a little reflection. Recently, my mother, Emily, and I on a road-trip, except from the dairy farm mother, Missouri, kept when she crossed from Liverpool to New York in 1910 as a 15-year-old. Mother, horribly ironic, was consumed with looking after all four of her siblings, including "baby," while her mother, equally silent, noted below ("I") had gone ahead, as that my worst do. "We started away from Liverpool, a lovely little breeze blowing... oh, it was a little such when you have a baby to stand to... near New York a perfect Yankee nation." These experiences, however precise, move my. My grandmother was a young woman whose child life was just beginning.

She married a teacher, and all five of their children went on to good universities. My mother, unlike most of her fellow graduates, worked, earning the U.S. foreign service. Then, moved to Canada, she married my last father, a Canadian newspaperman (my divorced father my brother



Pop culture often a kaleidoscope of market-friendly female role models for the young—and the message is often contradictory

divinity (which some young feminist writers had as subversion). In television land, *Sabrina* the teenage witch again possesses for an A on her paper about Hawthorne, while *Destiny's Child*, a three-girl pop band with real, gospel-style talent, looks out *Independent Women* wearing outfits that appear to be shrivel-wrapped. Our own *Nelly Furtado* was like a bird, and *Zhang Zhen*, the coquettish young warrior woman in the financial movie *Cruciating Tiger*. *Hulder Drogos*, last June picked up an MTV movie award for best fight sequence. That was, unfortunately, the same ceremony in which *Charlie's Angels* Common Doo got up to accept her golden popcorn award for best

and mock it in a way the simply could not do a half-century ago. "That '80s culture was truly toxic for a young woman," recalls Michele Landsberg. *Terrace* Star columnist, author and, at 62, a respected feminist. As Landsberg hardly needs to point out, all of pop culture is basically about sex and sexual power in an adolescent fantasy and a trap. "Hold on there! I'd like to be young and sexy and beautiful myself once! It doesn't last forever." Landsberg muses on a couple of teenage girls she saw the other day walking down the street, wearing combat boots and holding hands. "They were 16 and beautiful. New ship's freedom." Those girls, and many others out there, straight and gay, hardly look like

to creativity. But this high-spirited, well-meaning book will sell only a few copies compared with the millions of mind-numbing teen magazines sold in North America, which feature cover lines like "Quit. Do you look scream sexy?" (We're talking 13- and 14-year-old readers), celebrity-splashed features and "sexiest" articles ("Do you have the newest eating disorder?" they ask, as if it's the latest handbag), alongside "The kissing trick that'll drive him crazy." Be yourself, be yourself, the magazines insistently shout, so long as your self has a killer body and a smile. Life, Giversed, the magazines also speak to ambition and self-worth, but the image rules tyrannically over all. Even



Chief Justice Beverly McLachlin (top) and fellow justices Claire L'Heureux-Dube and Louise Arbour are role models, too

sleep with your boy? (Ever underestimate the ecstasy of lying on that big disk of his?) You can be a "unmarried wife," surely the most ludicrous of all the newfangled role models, as set out in the best-selling self-help guide by Laura Doyle. This is a book that assumes the worst about women (the author punts herself before her "reader") as a self-centered, controlling shrew) and about men (portrayed as big babies who can't bear being told they're doing the wrong way—yeah, and look when you get to *Naked*). You can play by the highly simplistic *The Rules for Men*—but be careful, because author Ellen

and I wear grown). When I was 11, my mother began working as a secretary at a scholarship foundation, a job she described as her "emotional salvation." She never lost the sense of satisfaction of bringing home her own paycheck. When she, who had no day care, no truly supportive husband, no money and no one who ever once used the word "improvement" in her presence, says, "I don't know how you girls do it today with the challenges you have," I always feel slightly uneasy.

Meanwhile, my daughter, who is also named Emily, enters high school this fall, and doesn't dream of not having a career. She hangs out with a glorious group of achieving, boisterous girls who converge on my kitchen gobbling low-fat chocolate puddings and high-fat Doritos. Some of them head their class, play full-circle on sports teams, write poems that get published. Watching a trio of them perform at a piano recital recently, I note their delicate shoulders blades working like wings as they bend over the keys. They seem more out of Jane Austen than *Grease* Girl.

A week later, at Grade 8 graduation, it's a different story, as some of the girls in tight slinky gowns look more sophisticated than their attractive teacher, and from another planet than the boys. Yet they recognize the boy-girl tension as obviously as we ever did, and on the surface, depressingly, much has not changed. Boys still get to brutally judge girls on their looks in public. Girls weep at being overweight or not "hot" enough to catch anyone's eye. But having also read a teenage boy, I know they are at least as vulnerable as girls. These days, they show a sullen, and because of that there is more opportunity for real friendship between boys and girls than there ever was. Besides, girls also rate the boys; from behind a closed bedroom door it sounds like an auction going on. "Give him 7?" "No, give him 7.5." "I hate him!" "I like him!" "But his nose sucks." "Oh, my god!" Robust laughter. They also condemn each other as "bitch," "bitches" and "sluts," deliberately oblivious to the misogynist slur in their language.

Yet they have someone a mile high for what they set as overt discrimination: Menstrual. The Taliban on them, and they are all concentrated outrage. Menstruation is their own furor on them, and they have what my grandmother, my mother and even I did not have—a clear sense of ex-

istence and the most spectacular array of possibilities yet assembled, including role models who have made it past the torments gone. In Canada, not only does a woman head the Supreme Court, but also there are two other female Supreme Court justices. In this country, women lead political parties, they head major companies (although Bay Street holds them down to a 11-per-cent minority).

In fact, it's no longer remarkable or even interesting to many young women to read about someone solely because she is the first or even second woman to do some-



There are so many ways to be female now that you can't tell girls, like these *Dawty's Child* concert fans, what to dream anymore.

thing groundbreaking. Rosa Maynard, editor of *Chatelaine* magazine (where I've been a columnist for almost a decade), is convinced that gender is no longer the story. This June, Maynard decided, after much thought, to end *Chatelaine's* "Woman of the Year" tradition, which began in 1979 with Olympian Diane Jones Korfchewski. "Our readers are now bombarded with information about famous women," says Maynard. "The real story these days is not the richly varied work that women are doing as a living, but all the emotional, organizational and political work they've got to do to have satisfying lives." That's why Oprah mag-

azine, *G*, with its scented-candle insistence on serenity and self-improvement, is so popular; it speaks to many women's emotional yearnings.

I sent out an e-mail asking various women I know a simple question: Is the world a better place today for your daughter than it was for you? I didn't just ask powerful women—powerful women and most men always answer yes! enthusiastically from their cozy perches. The answers I got were guarded yes's with some big but, because women about their daughters are profound. "They are being robbed of their childhood, under tremendous pressure to become sexualized at a young age." "Getting old is still the last of death." "The old stereotypes in the workplace are just better disguised." "Too many choices today."

Of far more interest to me was the response to a second question: what is your most important challenge of this very day? The answers all had to do with equilibrium, with balls being dropped and crosses being cut. "My nine-year-old boy is sick, and I got him to the doctor and then arrived late for work." "My daughter is currently under my desk, my house is a mess, laundry piling up." "I need to lose weight." Almost without exception, the daily lives of women with children test every principle of equality, make life an endless course and leave women worrying about their children and juggling for balance.

Some women may dream of balance, while others are still fighting for basic human rights. In fact, there are so many ways to be female in the world that you can't tell a woman what to dream anymore, or what to want. So, why did the woman really cross the road? Well, to get a haircut, to grab a sandwich before the trial at which she is presiding, to buy socks for her children on her lunch break to meet a friend, to pick up her kids at day care, to take her father to the doctor, to pick out a wedding ring, to consult a divorce lawyer, to get an abortion, to apply for a promotion, to take a maternity leave, to buy her husband a present, to take her kids to the museum, to go to the lesbian bar to get to the after for abused women, to run around the track, to pick up her preceptor, to apply for a Rhodes Scholarship, and to find a *jeu d'esprit* for a neighbor's supper. Oh, and just maybe to get to the other side. ■



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Meanwhile, the drama centred on rising stars Lauren, 4, and Andrew, 3, easily rivals the TSE. So step one was to accommodate four busy lives in a beautifully renovated basement. His-and-hers rec rooms for the kids, a well-lit sewing room for the wife and, eventually, a DVD home theatre for the husband.

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Life



Speed-dating in Vancouver, Jamie (left) and Chrissy get seven minutes to hook up.

HIGH-SPEED CONNECTIONS

In today's go-go dating scene, young singles have so many expectations and so little time

BY RIMA KAR

After a year of winding unsuccessfully in the murky Toronto singles pool, Tammy Kramchynski recently started dating a man she met through work. The 28-year-old human resources consultant was excited by the connection they'd made in their first few dates: they're both outdoorsy, they like trying out exotic restaurants and they share many professional interests. Ironically, though, their relationship is at risk for exactly the reason they met: work. Before she met her current flame, Kramchynski had accepted a four-month posting as an office in Gent, Belgium. Happily, the two decided a trans-

atlantic relationship was better than no relationship at all, so they're giving that a try. "It's been a long time since I met someone who I am comfortable with and who I have fun with—and now I am *loving*," the self-spoken business gal beamed before packing off to Europe. "This is just my luck."

Not really. Dating is complicated for thousands of singles today, and not just because of geography. There are the age-old problems—there never seem to be any interesting, attractive and "internal" women when you're looking for them, and too many promising dates turn out to be disappointing mismatches. More than that, for power-daters in their late-20s and others who are looking for a long-term

match, the game is different than it was for baby boomers. Modern singles claim they're busier at work and have less time to spend looking for love. As a result, they rely too heavily on first impressions—often and often—*and* their expectations are almost impossibly high. They are often quick to log onto the web, but reluctant to commit on a serious emotional level. And almost universally, those still in the pool are confused and frustrated by the experience: the basic rules of courtship are uncertain because gender roles are changing.

Little wonder, then, that so many singles seem so unsatisfied. Angelle Yanco, who writes a *Sex and the City*-style singles advice column in *The Vancouver Sun* called Lucky Strike, says dating has become too fast-tracked. Rather than trying to get to know the man around them, for instance,

many young women end to instantly categorize potential suitors. "You have the booty-call guy or the nice guy," Yancey says. "We have activity-date guys who are too cheap to take you for dinner and want you to hike or jog or Rollerblade, and the Aaaa-frrrrr guys who only date Asian women. You also have the spring coo-coo-coo-coo first boys." On the guy side, author Ryan Riggs, whose *A Very Lonely Planet* examines the psychology of single men, says it's not a pining for a "more discreet social architecture," an idealized version of the 1950s when men would drop in suits, go to lounges and meet women by vinting them to dance—with no expectations beyond dancing. "That sort of ideal made it easier," Riggs says.

But that ain't going to happen because the '50s formula—aggressive men pursuing compliant women—doesn't apply now that women are likely to be as aggressive as men. "Most of the women I know," says Yancey, 29, "are driven to success by our need for money and power and men. But it is a catch-22. We can't survive in a city like Vancouver without those men, but it sends a lot of men scurrying for the exit." Yet the more experienced daters are less likely to engage in casual sex because, as they focus on the search for long-term love, sex becomes more complicated and often a waste of time. "When they reach a certain age," Yancey says, "women start that quest to give it up."

All of this, says Susan Block, a social psychology professor at the University of Calgary, leaves many men "feeling there are mixed messages." Women want more control in choosing and conducting relationships, she says, yet they still want to meet off their feet. "There is still that romantic ideal out there," says Block. "We expect the guy to be strong and somewhat silent, and at the same time you want him to be secure and cryptic." But guys have conflicting agendas, too, not to mention unrealistic expectations—Riggs refers to "checklist boys" who hope to find women whose qualities match their ridiculous wish lists.

This said, most men seem to love the modern women. In fact, Jig Gaudin, a 29-year-old opera photographer, says authentic is one of the qualities he finds most attractive. "I am looking for someone who is totally committed to what she does," the Toronto resident says. But he admits career commitments—his own and those of

the women he dates—have played a big role in why he is still single today. "I would have figured by the time I was 29 or 30, I would definitely have been married for at least a couple of years and even working on a family," says Gaudin.

Pressed for time, some singles are turning to modern matchmaking services. According to Stacy Offman, producer of a 13-part documentary series about singles in Vancouver, many lonely hearts use online services such as *Love.com* and *Matchmaker.com*, where subscribers can search for a mate according to criteria such as age

for Canada's young South Asian community, began hosting speed-dating nights last December at a club in Toronto. "I think in five to 10 minutes," says the site's co-founder, Merrick Bawa, "you get a good idea of who you would want to talk to some more."

More talk is what the kitschy Drop Café offers on the Upper West Side in Manhattan. Customers can sip on Capri Crunch collaboration or designer coffee while perusing bachelors packed with one-page profiles of other singles. Clients can contact prospective dates for a \$10 fee, the café's



Modern dating, says Riggs, has men yearning for a "more discreet social architecture"

and religion. "It is not this hush-hush thing," says Offman, whose *Singles* will air on the Life Network next January. "People are quite open about it."

Then there is speed-dating—"the fast-food approach to meeting someone," says Offman. The concept began in Los Angeles in 1999, the brainchild of a rabbi trying to encourage marriage among single Jews. He brought together men and women, and had them sit down and chat for seven minutes with each member of the opposite sex in the room. Afterward, participants would discreetly write down on a card who they would like to see again. Hundreds of nights later in Canada, from trendy Babalu in Vancouver to the swanky Café Havana in Toronto, now host speed-dating nights. They draw crowds of fashionably dressed women and men, who inexplicably try to appear cool and aloof despite the premise of the occasion. MyDate.com, a Web site

that arranges for the couple to meet Owner Nancy Slesnick, who opened the business five years ago, says she's only helping to foster what occurs naturally in calls. "We make it easier by introducing you and taking care of the first date," says Slesnick. It works: she says meetings arranged in the café have resulted in 81 marriages.

For most singles, though, the dance bars and dating services are too dry. Yancey says most men and women usually develop relationships the old-fashioned way—with people they are introduced to through friends, at work or at private clubs. "You know," Yancey says, "they are a part of a social activity that is normal." So in that respect, dating—even with its modern complications—hasn't really changed much at all.

Is dating more complicated than it used to be? We're talking about it on www.cbc.ca/life

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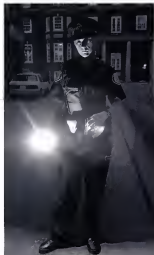
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Jackie O'Keefe, Police Officer

In her mid-30s, she decided she wanted a career that would make a difference in her community, so she switched to police work. Now 39 and a cop for less than two years, O'Keefe works a rotating schedule, including the obligatory all nighters. On those shifts, the constable sees plenty of action—and gets a good view of the city's seamy underbelly.



Ralph MacQuinn, Water Taxi Driver

The Lake Ontario waterfront can be lively at night as he listens to music and waits for a call, whether from a potential fare or the police. MacQuinn, 40, who operates four water taxis with his brother, Brendan, has picked up dead bodies in the lake and taken part in arrests.

NIGHTSHIFT

Those who work in the wee hours find the world is a very different place

In the midnight hours, a whole different world comes to life. Most people may be sleeping, but in only the city of Toronto, thousands of others are on the job. Some are shift workers, temporarily reassigned from day; others are permanently nocturnal. And some prefer the midnight stuff. They live the hungry, walk the beat, and the dead, take care of the sick and injured. Toronto looks different in the wee

hours, as with in the neon light of diners and doughnut shops under the bloodred night sky. Class distinctions blur, secrets are shared more readily. But the night shift raises live drama, causing sleep disorders, stress and psychological wounds that often fester in families. Those who work at night are also 40 per cent more

likely to suffer from cardiovascular disease. Now this world is being illuminated by television's bright lights. On Thursday nights, the *Walker* channel's *84th Precinct*—a hard-boiled series, by White Pine Pictures, tells the workers' stories of valor and heroism, longing and loneliness, hard luck and lost chances. *Midnight* presents a collection of individuals from the program.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER BREGG

Jeff Brown, Funeral Director

"I get a completely different perspective when I work at night," says Brown, 50 (shown here with Nanette Fries). He works rotating shifts, often transporting bodies from hospitals and residences to the casket's office at funeral homes.



Mike Wolfe, Night Porter

For 31 years, he's worked the late shift, getting everyone onboard and tucked in for the night. With the second-highest seniority overall at Via Rail, Wolfe, 52, has travelled over 3.5 million km on the rails. He used to work the route that crossed the Rockies, now it's the Toronto-Montreal run.



Riona Heggieboon, Nurse

She moved from Saskatchewan 26 years ago with a suitcase, \$60 and plans to return home soon. Heggieboon, 54, now studying to upgrade her diploma to a nursing degree, never did go back. For the past 14 years, she's worked in the neurosurgery department of the Hospital for Sick Children, where she cares for kids who've been injured, have cancer or need surgery.



Alissa (Right),

Female Impersonator

An adult high school student by day, the 22-year-old performs at the Little Nightclub El Comodoro Rico on weekends. Alissa, here with an unnamed friend, knew since he was young he was gay, a problem for him in his native Ecuador. He says he's found acceptance since arriving in Toronto six years ago.

For more photos, go to www.photos.com

Birth control for men and women

Three new methods could change the face of contraception



Photo: Neil Pollock

Four decades after the pill transformed the sexual arena of the Western world, a new mini-revolution in contraception may be in the making. Researchers say three new devices under investigation in Canada—two for women and one for men—could once again change the face of birth control. One is an oral contraceptive called Yasmin that has a potentially popular feature—it seems to cause less weight gain, the unfortunate side-effect more responsible for Canadian women dreading to stop taking the pill. A new intrauterine device (IUD) that appears to provide flawless birth control for up to five years may also reduce heavy menstrual bleeding. And for men, a plug that can be implanted in 20 minutes in a doctor's office to provide reversible birth control is under review.

"I'm an optimist," says Dr. Neil Pollock, a Vancouver physician testing the oral contraceptive, which blocks the flow of sperm through the two tubes known as the vas deferens. "We have every reason to believe this will present a really wonderful option within four to five years." Pollock and colleagues in Quebec and Minnesota

Pollock, holding the intra-vas device, is testing a reversible procedure for men

are working to perfect the insertion and removal of the so-called intra-vas device in 150 men as they undergo vasectomy. The next step, says Pollock, will be to implant the device in men not being sterilized, then remove it after a year and confirm that sperm is flowing again. If the trials confirm the procedure is truly reversible, says Pollock, it could present a "reasonable choice" for men who want birth control for a year or two before re-establishing fertility.

Vancouver management consultant Julian Sharpe, 35, is among the patients who've consented to have Pollock practice inserting and removing the intra-vas device before performing his vasectomy. "I think it's an option for someone in a long-term relationship who isn't ready to have kids," says Sharpe. "There are so many negative issues with women's birth control."

Indeed, in the 1970s, safety problems with the Dalkon Shield discouraged many women from considering the IUD as a contraceptive option. Now, the Mirena IUD, which releases the hormone lev-

norgestrel into the lining of the uterus, has gained wide acceptance in Europe and Australia. Why? Because it's proving to be as effective as being sterilized—except that it's reversible.

Now available in Canada, the Mirena must be replaced every five years. "It is a good option for the women who had children and want to wait up to five years before another pregnancy," says Dr. Robert Lee, associate professor of obstetrics/gynecology at Dalhousie University in Halifax. Another clinician familiar with the IUD, Dr. Michel Fortier of Université Laval in Quebec City, affirms that it's even more effective than the pill. "There have been accidental pregnancies when women forget to take low-dose contraceptives," he notes.

The Mirena is now being studied in centers across Canada for control of menorrhagia, the heavy menstrual bleeding that many women experience. Results show the new IUD dramatically reduces bleeding and cramps in women who might otherwise have to consider a surgical fix. Up to six per cent of women using the Mirena stop having a period altogether. "Patients are very pleased," says Fortier. "Control of heavy bleeding is a plus."

In spite of such advances, the pill remains the most popular method of birth control in Canada. Approximately one-quarter of all women of reproductive age in Canada use oral contraceptives for birth control. But unacceptable side-effects—weight gain, bloating, breast tenderness and bleeding between periods—cause up to half to stop taking oral contraceptives after one year.

"What we're doing now for contraception doesn't seem to be good enough," notes Dalhousie's Lee. "We need to reduce the number of side-effects." Yasmin, a pill that has been undergoing tests in Canada for the past year, shows promising progress. Not only does it appear to cause less weight gain, but researchers report less breakthrough bleeding than with the pill. For women and men, the search continues for the perfect contraceptive.

Kristin Jenkins

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PRIVATE SCHOOL, PUBLIC LIFE

Growing up in Montreal's Mount Royal district, Jocelyn Glick didn't experience the educational atmosphere that would prepare her for her current TV role as an inner-city history teacher. "I went to a small private school, which is pretty different from the public school I work at on the show," says Glick, who plays Lauren on David E. Kelley's drama *Alison's Body*. "But when it comes to being a teenager there are similarities no matter where you go to school."

Glick sat in on a number of classes in Brooklyn as part of her research, and even has an American history textbook on hand in case she needs a quick refresher. By all accounts, she appears to be handling things just fine. "Teachers tell us all the time that a lot of what happens on the show happens everyday in the classroom," she notes. "They say people who aren't in schools don't know what goes on there, and I think teachers are relieved someone is telling their story."

Glick, who started acting professionally at age 12, earned a bachelor of arts degree at McGill University before going to Harvard for graduate studies in theatre. After struggling in New York's theatre scene, she moved to Los Angeles two years ago. "Theatre just doesn't pay," says Glick, who was discovered by Kelley on the set of *The Partner*, another of his hit series, where she had a guest-starring role. "I wanted to be able to at least have something other than pass and turn for dinner." In other words, anything but cafeteria food.



Montreal's Glick is one of Kelley's Boston beauties

On the couch with Jiminy Glick

A few years of monotonous media junkies and appearances on iconic TV talk shows, Martin Short has an appreciation for the abundance of celebrity interviews. In his new show, *Presenter Glick*—which airs on The Comedy Network—Short plays an Oprah-Rosie Kathy Lee-type host who doesn't do any research. Dressed in a fit suit, Short, as Jiminy Glick, questions stars about roles they've never played and congratulates them on things they've never done. During these improvised interviews,

guests like Jerry Seinfeld and Debra Miler do all they can to keep from cracking up, but Short stays in character. The aptly named Glick will break into the robot dance or a song or a rant at any moment; he admits to smoking weed in university, got his start as Charles Hootman's assistant, and named his kids Matthew and Madeline after the actor. "Jiminy's just a lunatic," says Short, the 51-year-old Hamilton native. "The trick is that he would have his own show to begin with."



Is Leggett as hot as the best-known Canadian? Testing it up this week at Northwest Golf and Country Club in Surrey, B.C. The 35-year-old played golf's minor circuits at home and in Asia for a decade before finally gaining entry to the highly rich PGA Tour this season. But while Mike Weir is the star at the Air Canada Championship, and Dick Zokol is the local favourite, Leggett is possibly the hottest player in the home-country contingent. The Cambridge, Ont., native posted two top-10 finishes in the last month, which boosted his 2001 earnings to \$438,000. Boosted his confidence, too. He missed seven straight cuts to start the year and found the big tour "a little overwhelming, even intimidating." Now, he's more comfortable and playing better as he heads into two straight tournaments at home (the Bell Canadian Open is set for Sept. 3 to 9 in Montreal). And he likes the Northwest course, where the winner this week will take home \$942,716. "I've played well there before, although I never scored very well," Leggett says. "So it'd be great to have a good week." And maybe make a name for himself.



Unknown Leggett's a bit more casual taking it up on the home greens

Destroyer of worlds

Dennis Bock's first novel, *The Ash Garden*, tackles one of the 20th century's big issues—the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima—for big rewards

BY BRIAN BETHUNE

It was my responsibility to get my brother home whenever we saw places that were not ours. But Mitsuo ignored me. The girls of a month were had taken away his attention. It glimmered at his knees in the brilliant morning sun, and suddenly it began to glow and the river rose up from its mud paths, which in an instant turned head-baked and grey and then I could not breathe and my mouth became a desert and the air jumped above with objects that had never flown before.

At its heart, *The Ash Garden* (Hogarth-Collins) is about things that ought not to happen, either mortally or physically, as in six-year-old Emiko Arai's witness to Day 1 of the modern era. As fictional topics go, the question of whether the atomic bomb dropped on Japan on Aug. 6, 1945, can be justified, is among the laziest. Especially for a fiction novel. But only just a squint up author Dennis Bock's alley. "I'm not taken by this book," he admits with a shrug. "I've tried to write a big, important book—if you have the talent you should take on big, important themes. Otherwise writers just wander, just a walk in the park." But Bock has found some willing partners. His novel will also be published in Britain and the U.S., where Knopf is printing an impressive 60,000 copies. And no wonder: Intellectually engaging, beautifully written and powered by three memorable characters, *The Ash Garden* will seduce anyone who reads it.

The novel opens on the 50th anniversary of the bombing. Nuclear physicist Anton Bell, formerly of the Manhattan Project, is now 77. As he has done almost every August since his project became a reality, Anton has come to New York to cele-



In Hiroshima in the weeks after the blast, Anton found that "no silence deeper than dreaming lay over this island of burnt life"

brate in a conference on the bomb. As always, he defends his youthful work, insisting that hard decisions were made in desperate circumstances as always he acknowledges the victims. Bell will not tolerate any notion that he and his fellow scientists sold out every other solution, unaware of the uses their creation would be put to. The

bomb, he tells the audience, was a necessary evil, exploded for the greater good.

Afterwards he is approached by Emiko, now a well-known Japanese-American documentary filmmaker. Anton recognizes her for who and what she is even before Emiko speaks, seeing "the skilled touch of the surgical hand" on the facial scar caused by the bomb that killed her brother. He recalls himself for whatever words will come—war criminal, butcher, mass murderer—but Emiko suspects him with an intuition to give his side of the story on camera. Seemingly on a whim, or perhaps conscious his time is running out, Bell accepts. He even invites her to the home in fictional Port Elizabeth, Ore., he shares with his wife, Sophie, a Jewish refugee from the Nazis now in the terminal stages of Japan. There, Anton tells Emiko, she can see something he's never shown anyone else—films he took in Hiroshima within weeks of the bomb, when he was sent to report on its effects.

In Port Elizabeth, Anton and Emiko finally have their debate over the bomb's justification and the concept of necessary evil, a deviously argued set piece in which both give as good as they get. "It just poured out," says Bock, who describes himself as "fascinated by people who are certain of anything. I'm committed to always see both sides—in this case of the damage that drove me to write this book." That, and an abiding obsession with the Second World War. "Unlike most writers my age," the 58-year-old remarks, to him the war will remain "so real, so engaging in its effects." It's an almost genetic conclusion for Bock, who grew up outside Toronto in Oakville, Ont., the child of pioneer German immigrants. He learned all about Nazi war guilt in the schoolyard, he says, and at home about the dilemmas of ordinary people



The Second World War is an abiding obsession for Bock, the child of pioneer German immigrants to Canada

poled by history. Bock says, and have only momentary glimpses into one another's psyches. "Jesus, can you ever really know someone else," the novelist asks, "even your wife?" Anton certainly doesn't know his. Sophie seduces Bell in a refugee camp on the North Shore of the St. Lawrence solely to escape the place, and later comes on a lengthy extramarital affair, yet she stays with the physicist for half a century flustered by Bell's obsession with what he wrought in Japan, and children because of her lap. Sophie loses herself in her garden, twisting foliage into mysterious animal shapes.

Elsewhere in Sophie is, it's an open book compared with her husband. Unlike so many of the European scientists who caused the bomb in American laboratories, Bell is not a Jewish or political refugee from fascism. A good Aryian, he was in fact coddled by the Nazis, and deferential to the Allies only as a result of a scientific dispute with his superior. If Germany had been on the right track in the race for nuclear energy, Bell—who claims to have been unaware of Nazi evil—would have happily made a bomb for Hitler. Emiko, protected from criticism by her soaring personal experience, seems the least opaque of the three, although, as it turns out, only because she is unaware of her own secrets.

The author's restraint about his characters is only one of *The Ash Garden's* strengths. Bock is a superb stylist, who can make himself almost invisible. (The passage describing Sophie's death is a masterpiece of deliberate ambiguity.) His recurring images—of the taste of ashes that won't leave Anton in Hiroshima, or the lipless expression on Sophie's skin that marks the radiation burns on the Japanese victims—are subtly woven into his story. It's a style perfectly suited to the most horrific scene in the novel—not the moment of the blast, but a re-creation of a 1950s TV show. There, before a live audience of millions, a teenage Emiko, still gossypily stammering, goes to meet the Emiko-Gay's bomb-buried and thank Americans for their kindness in paying her medical bills. ■

caught up in totalitarian regimes. Both themes surface Bock's first published work, 1996's *Gypsies*, a series of linked stories about German emigrants and their memories of life under Hitler, including the Holocaust. "My Dad was 11 when the war ended, just a few years from being handed a rifle—he would probably have been

killed, defending Berlin or the Vics." But *The Ash Garden* is a novel of characters, not ideas, and as absorbing as the Hiroshima drama is, by the time it occurs it's overshadowed by the extraordinary interplay between Anton, Sophie and Emiko—and by the gradual unveiling of some of their inner secrets. They're mag-

SHAKESPEARE, LEAN AND MODERN

It sounds like dartsed-down, juiced-up Shakespeare—the notion of making a teenage *Othello* with a rap soundtrack and a story that involves sex, drugs and basketball. But *O* is a smart, serious movie that succeeds beautifully on its own terms, without cheapening its source. Borrowing the plot of Shakespeare's play, but not the language, this rare drama is refreshingly free of postmodern gamutery—a far cry from the made classic of Baz Luhrmann's *Romeo + Juliet*. But then screenwriter Brad Koppa drew on his own experience for the hero's predicament—at the only black male in an all-white school.

O's Othello is Odan (Mekhi Phifer), a basketball star who is the pride of a South Carolina private school. Iago is Hugo (Josh Hartnett), an envious teammate

who's also the son of the coach, a reformed basketball player played by Martin Sheen. John Sules (*Save the Last Dance*) portrays Desdemona, simply Desi here. Although the dialogue is sparse and colloquial, the young leads project a classical gravity. Director Tim Blais Nelson—better known as an actor (*O Brother, Where Art Thou?*)—elevates the film's lean realism with symbolic grace notes, from strings of bricks and doves to an opening shot of an O-shaped staircase. And the basketball scenes are superb. There's no nudity, and minimal violence, but tension in Ontario (unlike the rest of Canada) chose to mirror *O* to those 18 and over. Maybe they got it mixed up with the *Story of O*. Too bad. This is one high-school movie from deserve to see.

Brian D. Johnson



Phifer and Sheen of *O* threads project a classical gravity



After some what, this has to do

Film from another planet

If television saves pilots shot for under \$1 million (U.S.), are low budget by Hollywood standards, what to call *KROMOSVERE*, the anime? CBC is now considering the futuristic adventure series after hearing about its jokes. Made in Vancouver for \$100—Canadian, no less—by local filmmaker Maya Miller, 29, the 30-minute film is like most science fiction—it sounds terribly expensive. But the space-age weapons used by the inhabitants of the alternate-dimension city of Kromosvere were dollar-store water guns painted silver, and "the hi-tech sensory-depriving helmet used in some scenes was made out of a bowl, chopsticks and Christmas lights," Miller laughs. "I didn't have any choice," explains the filmmaker, who funds her fledgling production company, 13 Miller's Court, from her earnings at the University of British Columbia bookstore. "I had no money, so we had to do whatever we had to do. I took my Hi-8 camera and convinced some friends to work for free." Propelled by Miller's priceless determination, it took only two months to bring *KROMOSVERE* to filmed episode, a time lag she could have cut further, she says, "except we had to wait to get the editing studio for free."



Can anyone afford to get sick anymore?

Going International at CTV News

CTV created its own headline news last week, Canada's largest private broadcaster announced \$220 million worth of sweeping changes, with new programs, new Canada AM hosts and five new international news bureaus. "It's an explosive time of growth when a lot of news organizations are in retreat," says Kim LaPlante, senior vice-president of CTV News.



Kim LaPlante and Rod Black— slated to replace Valerie Poirier and Don McEwen—got the nod to co-host the network's evening show, Canada AM, and the network's plans to open foreign bureaus in Los Angeles, Uganda, Sydney, Mexico City and New Delhi. Correspondents in the latter two cities will

Black and LaPlante join Jeff Hatcher to start the new season of Canada AM

also report for NBC News, which gave the American broadcasting powerhouse some say over when CTV would hire. Critics fretted over a presumed erosion of independence, but LaPlante preferred to look at the opportunities: "We're becoming a national news organization and an international news organization all at once."

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Entertainment Notes

The mystery man

Johannes Vermeer is an enigma. The 17th-century Dutch master's elegant, refined paintings may adorn best-selling novels, but about the man himself virtually nothing is known. Aside from the signatures on his art and a few legal documents, there are no exact writings or letters. In *Vermeer: A View of Delft* (Fitzhenry & Whiteside), Anthony Bailey uses every scrap of information available, from actual gold records to family wills, to fill in the blanks. By recovering the turbulent political, religious and cultural situation of the Dutch golden age—Vermeer's neighbourhood included microscope pioneer Antony van Leeuwenhoek—Bailey does a superb job of resurrecting the so-called Spirit of Delft, whose 35 surviving paintings are masterpieces of quiet beauty.



Best-Sellers

Picture	Months on best-seller list
1. THE LONG WALKER, Ann Douglas (2)	6
2. THE WINDS OF WINTER, Ann Douglas (2)	5
3. THE WINDS OF WINTER, Ann Douglas (2)	5
4. THE WINDS OF WINTER, Ann Douglas (2)	5
5. THE WINDS OF WINTER, Ann Douglas (2)	5
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33. THE WINDS OF WINTER, Ann Douglas (2)	5
34. THE WINDS OF WINTER, Ann Douglas (2)	5
35. THE WINDS OF WINTER, Ann Douglas (2)	5



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Bob Levin

The baseball blues

When at the ballpark, my son and I. It's an hour before game time and we're antsy in the left-field bleachers, gloves at the ready, eyes fixed on the diamond plate as tiny figures bound up to take batting practice, bashing the ball around the yard, the whole week split-second-delayed from our perch. We're in the scanner business out here. We calculate power and range and the chances that each batter will club one precisely our way, for we're squeezed in beside gun-size competitors with their ball caps and crims and instant voices.

"Hey, number 47, throw it here," the drama crier when bats fall short and into the gloves of fielders grazing below "Pleee! For me!" Occasionally they do throw it—even seem to enjoy the give-and-take. "Who hasn't got one?" calls a bearded pitcher, a career bush-league finally making the bigs this year but perhaps still antsy to see the little guys looking in. Another roars, another antsy outfielder. All in all, a fine day before the official action even commences, my 12-year-old walks off with two genuine major-league baseballs and what more can anyone ask?

This is as it should be, as it should over her blazing star, blue sky, gang-bro kids and baseball. They're inseparable, ineffable, eternal as ice cream. Yet something's wrong. Something's wrong, and I'm not even sure what, just that the magic's fading, like stadium lights in the rearview mirror.

Something's wrong and I'm not even sure what, just that the magic's fading, like stadium lights in the rearview mirror

The magic fading, like stadium lights in the narrow mirror. OK, the particular park here doesn't help, for this is Toronto's SkyDome, a one-trick wonder with all the charm of a Tip-sterne container. Nor does the fact that the home team last season was Joe Carter's line over that very wall back in '93, joining the Jays in their second straight World Series title and who bricked about the stadium there?

No, winning wasn't all, but losing's only part of the story and it's not just Toronto. What's happened is the game that captivated kids, made grown men blubber (and grown women connect some awfully sappy prose)—the game that became not only America's pastime but a kind of living history, a damn-near religion? Who talks now like the legendary Shoeless Joe Jackson, as channelled by Canadian coacher W.P. Kinsella. "I'd have played for food money. I'd have played five and worked for food. It was the game, the parks, the smells, the sounds. How you ever held a bat or baseball in your fist? The warmth, the leather. And it was the crowd, the excitement of them rising as one when the ball was hit deep . . . It makes me tingle all over like a kid on his way to his first doubleheader, just to talk about it."

Who talks that way anymore? Maybe fans in baseball sta-

tions like Boston and New York, or in American minor-league towns where the game is enjoying a surprising rebirth. But attendance in Toronto and Montreal has been trending downward, as they say—the Expos sliding sadly towards extinction. The Triple-A Vancouver Canadians have gone south, the Calgary Cannons are leaving, too. Tower kids are playing the game as well, in Canada and the States. Soccer's all the rage because it's coming on, and that's not to mention the video games and Internet chatrooms that are the universal passions of youth. Compared with all that—and with women's hockey and hoops—baseball's slow, it's boring, you stand or sit and wait, you scratch yourself and get (OK, that last is fun).

Something's wrong. I feel it, too, a yawning, indifference fading beneath my own love of the game. The major-league get filthy rich and then go on strike, warm up to one and be signs torn. Half of them don't run out grounders. Some are

mashed-up in ways nature never intended. Doping? In baseball? Say it with me: It is so and the sport's poobahs don't seem to care, home runs apparently being the true opiate of the people. The rich want size (usually), the game is too long. And can someone explain why World Series games start as late as night in the East that not even adults get the distance, let alone the kids who happen to be baseball's future?

Money, I know. Regular viewers, these baseball guys. And yes—it's in the blood, baseball. I couldn't really dash it off my mind, the sound of it on radio is soothing as rain.

My parents lived and died—mostly died—with the Brooklyn Dodgers; I did the same with the Philadelphia Phillies. There are worse things than learning how to live. Baseball teaches not only sportsmanship but patience, humility—even all stars make mostly outs. And then, every so often, if the planets are perfectly aligned, comes redemption: the Dodgers taking the Series in '55 (only to leave for L.A. two years later) and you can still find guys riling in Brooklyn bars, the Phillies in '80 (I sit in the nosebleeds and have never heard a roar like it, before or since); the Jays in '92 and '93 with a cry of *O Canada*, and, heck, the Fan Toronto rookie ball champions of '97, a team I coached and my son played on—a kid, mind you, misad on bedtime narratives of "Casey at the Bat."

He gave up baseball a few years ago, plays summer roller-hockey now. At the Dome the other day, though, collecting storybooks, he called about maybe going back to the game, OK by me. OK if he doesn't too.

Allen Faterberg is a writer.



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ASSISTS: Absent. The longer a friend is away, the tougher that word is to hear. That's why Esso supports The Childhood Cancer Foundation-Candlelighters Canada, assisting families and friends dealing with the effects of childhood cancer. Their Back to School kit prepares classmates and teachers for a recovering student's return. Making the transition back to class for children with cancer more comfortable. It's a program solely dedicated to making kids feel better. Which is something we can all feel better about.